THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 314—NUMBER 4075

AUGUST 12, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ITALIAN POLITICS

ITALIAN politics, always in a ferment, are intensely ebullient just at present. Not only are political parties fighting each other with great bitterness, but there are serious schisms within individual groups. This applies particularly to the various Socialist and Labor factions, which are divided upon the issue of collaborating with other parties in the Government. Hitherto the Socialists, in obedience to a party resolution, have abstained from accepting cabinet offices or otherwise coöperating with bourgeois Parliamentary groups. Recently the Socialist delegation in Parliament voted to reverse this policy, and its action has been endorsed, at a Convention of the Executives of the General Trades-Union Alliance, by a very small majority.

The question must still be submitted to the Socialist Party at a National Convention to be held early in August, and to the General Convention of the Trades-Union Confederation. Both these bodies may reverse the decision of the Parliamentary delegation. There have been heavy defections both from the Socialist Party and from the trade-unions since the Fascisti movement became important. Fascisti propaganda appealed to the more conservative workingmen, whose withdrawal from the Trades-Union Confederation has left the Radicals in almost complete control. The action of the trades-union executives was presumably influenced by their fear of losing the remaining conservative members, who still remain loyal to the organization.

If a considerable group of Socialist members does consent to work with a coalition Government, the latter will naturally include the Clericals, who stand closer to the Left than they do to the Right. In fact, Clerical leaders have incurred the hostility of the Fascisti, or militant reactionaries, to such an extent that their leaders have been assaulted by the latter. A serious riot is reported to have occurred recently at Cremona, when the Fascisti attacked the house of Miglioli, the priest who leads the radical Clerical wing.

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BIRTH RATES AND SOLDIERS

Le Figaro devotes a leading article to France's Black army, from which we quote the following significant paragraph: —

A brutal, we venture to say, tragic, fact dominates the situation. Our population is declining. We lost 200,000 inhabitants last year, while German statistics for the same period report an excess of 750,000 births

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over deaths. This means that within a single year the numerical strength of the two peoples has changed by nearly a million. Within less than ten years there will be two Germans for every Frenchman, unless there is a radical change in our attitude.

In the words of a Deputy: 'This Chamber blushes to think that France is forced to confide to mercenaries the defense of her flag.'

On the other hand, General Mangin, who refuses to draw a distinction between Africans and Europeans, asserts that France is 'a country of one hundred millions.' The colonel of a Black regiment recently said to the author of this article: —

> My recruits since the war do not seem to possess the spirit of sacrifice that characterized their predecessors. The men raised by compulsory service are well disciplined, but they do not have the same loyalty as our old veterans. I have difficulty in persuading even my best noncommissioned officers to reënlist. The men do their duty, but that is all.

A higher officer, discussing the proposal to raise 200,000 Black troops by conscription, and to station 80,000 of these permanently in France, comments: 'Do our theorists at home consider the unfortunate results that may ensue from the contact of these troops with the French people? . . . These fine plans fill an old African campaigner like myself with a certain apprehension.'

Algerian and Tunisian natives of the upper class, when asked their opinion of a proposal to extend the period of compulsory service for colored troops from eighteen months to three years, replied in substance: —

> We Mohammedans will undertake this heavy burden because we hope to profit by it. Personally, we believe it would be a good thing for our common people to learn discipline from you. The children of our different tribes, thus brought together for several years, would soon become conscious of their common African nationality. . . . Within a decade nearly a million Mohammedans will have served with your colors. They will constitute a force to be reckoned with. Then we hope that France will repay our loyalty by granting us the rights we desire. We shall have earned the right to be listened to with more respect. We are particularly pleased with the thought that 80,000 of our people will live in France. They will learn to understand you.

'PLAYING UNCLE SAM FOR A SUCKER!'

UNDER this title, the *Weekly Review of the Far East* has begun a series of articles dealing with American business enterprises and investments in China. The author describes the extensive and well-organized propaganda, in which the American Government itself has taken an active part, to 'sell' China's market to the American business man, and wonders whether it was not overdone.

So far as direct dealings between American business men and the Chinese Government are concerned, the results have been disastrous to the former. China owes American bankers and manufacturers at least thirty million dollars in our currency, and probably considerably more than that. This sum consists of loans extended by American bankers and financial organizations for goods sold to the Chinese Government railways, telegraph and telephone companies, and other public departments. Most of this debt is in actual default, and the remainder is probably in technical default, because the Chinese Government cannot pay its bills. Some of the money is already two or three years overdue. For instance, the Peking-Hankow Railway owes American companies more than four and a half million dollars, United States currency, for locomotives, cars, and equipment placed in service during the last four or five years.

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These payments are in default, although the company has met promptly its obligations to certain French and English creditors. This allegation, that American creditors are discriminated against in favor of British and French creditors, has started a debate between the *Weekly Review* and the *British North China Herald*, from which one gathers an impression that the British have been shrewder in insisting upon security for the money owed them than have our fellow citizens. The writer of the article in question cites a public statement made by a high Chinese official, who is a graduate of a great American university and also of a leading American missionary college in China, 'in which he implied that it did n't make any particular difference whether China defaulted on her American debts, so long as she kept her credit good in Great Britain.'

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AN HISTORICAL SIEGE

ITALY intends to commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of the Siege of Rhodes by the Turks, by reopening the famous Solyman Gate and restoring the Bastion of England. Already laborers are busily engaged in this work, in order that it may be completed on September 24, the anniversary of the great Moslem attack that finally ejected Christians from this ancient Crusaders' stronghold. When the Knights of St. John were expelled from Jerusalem in 1291, they turned their attention to Rhodes, where they established the seat of their order in 1308 and defended themselves for two hundred years. During this period the other Christian communities of the Levant successively fell under the sway of the advancing Turk.

The Siege was conducted by Sultan Solyman I, surnamed 'The Magnificent,' at a time when the Ottoman power was at its height. With a fleet of 300 vessels and 100,000 men, including great numbers of miners from Bosnia and Wallachia, he invaded the island and advanced his works against the fortifications of the city. The defenders consisted of 600 knights, and perhaps ten times that number of armed citizens and sailors. The fire of over 100 cannons was concentrated against the Bastion of England, where it was proposed to make the main assault. Between September 24 and the end of November, fifteen fierce attacks were made, in one of which 15,000 Turks are said to have been killed or wounded. Finally, on December 20, the garrison capitulated and withdrew with the honors of war. The Sultan entered the city on Christmas Day, and legend records that he ordered the gate through which he made his triumphal entrance to be bricked up in order that it might never be used again.

Now Italy opens again this gate, thus signalizing the Christian reconquest of the Levant.

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PRODIGALITY ON THE RHINE

THE Liberal and Socialist press of Germany and Austria is protesting against the prodigal expenditures of the allied authorities on the Rhine.

According to an article in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, one French official of the occupying authorities spent 236,000 marks, before the mark had reached its present depreciation, upon new furniture for his quarters, including one chamber set in golden birch and a second in mahogany. An English representative spent 464,000 marks furnishing his personal quarters, which are described in detail in the article in question. A French general expended 435,000 marks refurnishing his residence. When General Mangin took possession of his official residence at

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Mainz, 2,000,000 marks were expended upon its renovation. In addition, he provided himself with a summer residence at a cost of more than 1,500,000 marks. Thirty Persian rugs have been purchased for French officers stationed in the same city.

All these expenses, charged against Germany's Treasury, add to the pressure to secure the cancellation of debts among the Allies, and between America and the Allies.

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SAILING VESSELS

THOSE of our readers who are interested in maritime affairs may recall a short description of La France, the largest sailing vessel in the world, in the *Living Age* of March 18. She was a five-masted French bark of 5,633 tons, built at Bordeaux in 1912. Not long ago she was wrecked on a reef one hundred miles off the west coast of New Caledonia, and is reported to be a total loss.

Originally this vessel had a Diesel engine, but it suffered the fault of many auxiliaries in being 'just big enough to kick her over a calm,' that is, too small for any real use. Consequently it was removed some time ago. Although so large a vessel, her sail spread was relatively small compared with that of our old Yankee clippers. The main yard of the Great Republic, built in Boston in 1853, was 120 feet; that of La France was but 90 feet.

Hamburger Nachrichten prints an illustrated description of a new sailing vessel of 2400 tons just launched at Bremen. It is notable on account of its rigging. The first and third of its five masts, counting from the bow, are square-rigged, while the remaining three are schooner-rigged, the idea being that her square rig makes her a better sailer when running directly before the wind.

RAILWAY PROBLEMS IN GREAT BRITAIN

BRITISH shippers and consumers, like those of the United States, are demanding a reduction of freight and passenger rates. 'Every trade is calling out in protest,' says the *London Telegraph* in a leader upon this subject, 'but little heed is paid, and the railway companies say they can do no more than they have done while their working-costs stand where they do.' Hopes have been placed upon a reduction of wages; but the Railway Union is naturally aggressively hostile to such a suggestion. At the last conference of this body, its leader made a fiery attack upon any proposal to reduce wages, asserting that 'the finest industrial population in the world is being driven back to a condition of slavery that would disgrace a savage tribe.'

Railway managers complain that the eight-hour law has saddled their companies with 'ruinous and unjustifiable expense.' The workers insist that 'nothing short of the public ownership of the whole transport-services of the country will satisfy the members of our Union and the advanced-thinking section of the public.' The question arises, naturally, whether public ownership is to mean control exercised by Parliament or by the railway employees.

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GLIMPSES OF IRISH FIGHTING

THE London *Outlook*, which has a knack for getting interesting facts from Irish sources, gives the following impressions of a resident of Cork, who left that city after the Rebel troops were in full possession: —

The Republicans undoubtedly are in undisputed control, and cannot be ousted excepting by military pressure from the North. But in one sense the situation is better than in Dublin, where the sympathy of the inhabitants was divided. In Cork,

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the home and birthplace of Michael Collins, public sentiment seems solid for the Free State, and the dominant Republican soldiery is everywhere greeted with black looks and taunts. The troops are discouraged in consequence.

This paper's Dublin correspondent pays the following tribute to the Free State troops in Dublin: —

No one should write from Dublin in these days without paying a tribute to the soldiers of the Free State army for their courage, good humor, and kindliness. These qualities of the Irish are now, after a long interval, again recognized even by the old Unionists who had thought them lost to the Irish race. As most of the men in the Free State army were fighters in the struggle against British government, their conduct in these weeks rather shatters the theory of men like General Prescott Deasy, the apologist of the Black and Tans, who represents Sinn Fein as a mere symptom of brutality and degeneration.

BRITISH WAGES

WHILE unemployment is slowly decreasing in Great Britain, the reduction of wages proceeds apace. Country printers are accepting reductions amounting to three dollars a week, under a decree of the Industrial Court. The engineering trade-unions are balloting on a proposal cutting the pay of their members about four dollars a week, in three installments between now and the end of September. Dock-workers have refused to accept a reduction below the national minimum wage, which is now 12*s.* — somewhat under three dollars — a day, but negotiations are still proceeding.

A. L. Bowley, a well-known English statistician, contributes two articles to the *Westminster Gazette* upon the movement of wages and the cost of living between 1914 and 1922, in which he says: —

During the first three years of the war, *rates* of wages rose less rapidly than the cost of living, but the actual *earnings* of many men increased more than their nominal rates, owing to full employment, to overtime, and to promotion to higher-grade jobs. In the year before and the year after the Armistice, wages caught up the cost of living, and in 1919 employment continued to be very good, though overtime diminished, and men returned to their pre-war grades. In 1919 hours of work were generally reduced, and the index for the past two years shows the rate for a shortened week. The cost of living and rates of wages rose by nearly equal steps from the middle of 1919 (when they were both about 110 per cent above the pre-war level) to the end of 1920 (when they were both about 170 per cent above that level).

During the past eighteen months the cost of living fell rapidly — except during the third quarter of 1921 — until last March, since when it has been nearly stationary. Wages fell very little in the early months of 1920, and were about thirty-four points above prices in July of that year. Since then they have declined decidedly, and now real wages, in terms of purchasing power, average very little more than before the war, although they are obtained for a shorter week's work.

BRING BACK THE REIMS CATHEDRAL

SISLEY HUDDLESTON makes an appeal in the *Times* for the return of the stones of the Reims Cathedral, carried off by curio-hunters; and the *Times* very properly gives this request a prominent position on its editorial page. However, a carping critic, who writes to the *London Herald*, is unkind enough to quote the following from the advertising pages of the June 17, 1921 issue of the *Times*: —

REIMS CATHEDRAL SOUVENIR
Complete door-handle from northwest door
WHAT OFFERS?

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MINOR NOTES

THE British motor-car-manufacturing industry seems to be struggling against adverse conditions, for which its leaders find it difficult to account. English motor-car engineering is of a high character, and the cost of production in that country certainly should be no greater than in the United States. Probably what Great Britain lacks is an immense domestic market, such as we have in America. At present she imports more motor cars — in value — than she exports, her foreign purchases amounting to 5,832,000 pounds sterling, and her sales abroad to 5,615,000 pounds. Both figures show a marked decline from those for 1920, when Great Britain imported motor cars, motor cycles, and parts, from the United States alone to the value of sixteen and a half million pounds. Commenting upon this situation, the London *Economist* says: 'Immediately after the war various attempts were made to compete with the peculiar type of American motor cars which invaded markets both at home and abroad. . . . But whatever may be said in favor of the models produced, the fact remains that financially the schemes were not successful.'

CZECHOSLOVAKIA has some 1200 cooperative societies, of which 700 are distributive. The remainder are rural coöperatives and coöperatives engaged in production. The productive coöperatives are the oldest and are engaged in thirty-five branches of industry. The most important manufacture clothing, boots and shoes, glassware, and porcelains. Several make export goods. A coöperative bakery, with 260 branches, has been in existence at Prague for twenty-seven years. These societies are closely associated with the trade-unions.

CHILE sold annually before the war about two and a half million tons of nitrate. The depression in Europe has cut down her market there by about one million tons. The result has been a protracted depression in Chile, and an unfavorable trade-balance that has affected both foreign exchange and retail business. Heavy stocks of nitrate have accumulated in the meantime, at various *oficinas* in Chile, where they cheat the hope of rising prices.

Potentially the United States is a market that may make up for the loss of Chile's previous outlets in Central Europe. Such a development is in every way to be desired, both by Chile and by our country. At the present time nitrates imported into the United States are used principally by our Southern cotton-planters; they are also employed by sugar-raisers, especially in the Hawaiian Islands.

AT the invitation of the Commonwealth Prime Minister, a conference of labor leaders and representative employers was recently held, to discuss the economic crisis in that country. The attendance was disappointingly small. After several days of sparring, both sides submitted a report. The labor men insisted that nothing less than Guild Socialism would save the situation, whereupon the employers broke off the discussion. Among the suggestions made by employees were proposals to establish a basic wage and to adopt profit-sharing.

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THE AUTHOR AND THE BOOK INDUSTRY

BY RAMÓN PEREZ DE AYALA

[*The following article is part of an address delivered by this well-known Spanish man of letters at the recent Barcelona Exposition.*]

From *La Prensa, April* 29, 30
(BUENOS AIRES LIBERAL DAILY)

THERE is a proverb which says: 'Every man speaks of the Fair according to his gains or losses there.' But though I may have fared badly in respect to gains or losses, I swear to you that I shall speak with admiration of this magnificent industrial display.

Industry belongs to the world of necessity and of possibility. Things of the spirit belong to the world of the arbitrary — of the hitherto impossible. The spirit enunciates new possibilities, new stimuli to action and conquest. Accordingly, whatever relates to industry is clear, sensible, limited, comprehensible; whatever relates to the spirit is vague, general, capricious, without limits.

In this industrial atmosphere, where others have spoken upon matters definite and clear, I have been invited to speak of the things of the spirit, as they are related to a particular industry — the manufacture of books. If I, an author, depart in what I say from the cannons of industrial orthodoxy, pardon me, for I am unfamiliar with my medium. I do not aspire to the hope that my words shall set forth a teaching; I aim only to evoke an emotion, a longing for the things of the spirit.

Paper-makers, printers, and editors — not as a hierarchy, but in the order named — constitute what I may call, without irreverence, the Holy Trinity of the book industry. What does the author represent before this Holy Trinity? It is with the author as with poetic license. Théodore de Banville, in his *Short Treatise on French Poetry*, devotes a full chapter to this topic. It is admirable. Nothing more temperate and more precise has been written on the subject. The chapter reduces itself to a single proposition: poetic license does not exist. By implication, therefore, in the book industry the author does not exist.

Possibly we might conclude our discussion with this statement, and feel satisfied that we had treated our theme with absolute precision and brevity. Bear in mind that the author himself is a more or less potential or fictitious being, as he has been ever since the traitorous invention of the press. We Spanish authors shall exist, perhaps, but as yet we do not actually exist.

I am not now speaking of the author as a creator — where, if he still exists, it is, so to speak, in a country of the fourth dimension — but of the author as a factor in industry. A moment's reflection will confirm my statement. If we regard the economic aspect of the case, not a single Spanish author has ever been able to live from his books. In industry, the author may be merchandise, but he is not a merchant. In society, the author does not possess that authority from which his very title is derived. Let me repeat, in

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the Spanish book industry the author does not exist, except potentially, as a future possibility. This temporary nonexistence of the author is a transitory stage in the development of that industry. In other countries the stage has now been passed. In Spain it is passing, also. Meanwhile, patience and hope.

Historically, the advent of the book as an industrial article caused the disappearance of the author. The book was begotten of the press. It was the first-born of the printing press, and even in its infancy usurped intellectual authority to the exclusion of the author. Upon the author's intellectual authority was superimposed a fetish-authority — the superstition, we might say, of the moulded letter. The author had to convert himself into a courtesan, a servant of the book. Instead of the book becoming the author's tool, it became the author's despot. The book tends to become a finality in itself. The author was deposed to a secondary and almost superfluous rôle. This may seem illogical and absurd, but so it was; and so it continues to be to-day in Spain.

You may argue that this is illogical; that authors existed centuries before we had books; that, therefore, the author can dispense with the press, while the book cannot dispense with the author. Alas, this may be true, but none the less, with the advent of the press, the living authors — those of flesh and blood — unwittingly lost their authority. To be sure, the book needed to be written, but after the book trade was born, the book logically and economically chose its authors among the dead, whose services were both sacred and gratuitous, rather than among the living, whose prestige was less and whose cost was higher. It was natural for the book to seek the certain and established authority of the ancients, rather than the doubtful and disputed authority of the moderns. So a great majority of our earlier books contain the writings of the masters of a previous age, or treat of what they wrote. Consequently, with the appearance of the book, the living author disappeared as the legitimate font of authority; and in his place there entered upon the stage three new actors — the paper-maker, the printer, and the editor or bookseller.

No wonder that some living authors, ignorant that this gospel of the Holy Trinity of the book — paper-maker, printer, and editor — is transitory, are impatient because the transition is excessively prolonged, and curse the invention of the press, as though that were the original sin. Before that event was the Golden Age of authors. How is it possible not to look back at that Edenic period with melancholy eyes and bitter hearts?

In the beginning, the author did not write on fragile paper, but on the eternal turquoise of Heaven. His instrument was the oral word. His sentences soared into the fluid air like honey-laden bees. Therefore Homer called them 'wingèd words.' They did not alight on paper, but in the hearts of men. The ancients supposed — perhaps they felt they knew — that the heart is the seat of the intelligence and the memory. Solomon says: 'The heart of the wise will govern the tongue.' In the Persian, Hebrew, and Arabic languages there is the same idiom: 'to think with the heart.' Quintus Ennius maintained that he had 'three hearts' because he spoke three languages. And do we not say in our own day: 'to learn by heart'?

Limned in a heart, and impressed on other hearts for centuries, the author's words were living things, and not embalmed in the sarcophagus of a book. This was the semidivine epoch of the

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author. He was the bard, the seer, the more than priest or prophet.

Writing brought a division both of the power and of the jurisdiction of the author. He who writes, writes for those who know how to read. He who cannot write, and produces orally, composes for different ears — and such authors abound even to-day. So with writing came a separation of publics, and with that, a diminution of authority. The public of the authors who knew how to write was as select and exacting as it was few in numbers. Meanwhile, the audience of those authors who were illiterate, was perforce as large as that of their writing rivals was small. But these did not have the same authority with their public, and were forced to resort to special devices to hold its ear. They employed, as a rule, only those familiar and everyday words that the common people ceaselessly corrupt and deform. Thus arose the *sermo vulgaris*, or vulgar idiom, which later gave birth to our romance languages.

Neither did the author who knew how to write maintain intact his authority over the common people, who no longer understood him. At this stage in the evolution of literature, a timely innovation occurred to rescue, like a refreshing rain, our parched and withering culture. This was Mæcenism — a practice that began with the protection and favor the cultivated Mæcenas bestowed upon Horace. Let the poet himself say what this means. In dedicating the first book of his Odes to Mæcenas, Horace wrote: —

Mæcenas, atavis edite regibus,
O et præsidium, et dulce decus meum.

('Mæcenas, sprung of royal blood, thou art my refuge and my sweet glory'; as if to say, 'Without Mæcenas, I would not be Horace.')

And in the Twentieth Ode of the Second Book, Horace, divining himself immortal, exclaimed: —

Non ego pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego quem vocas,
Dilecte Mæcenas, obibo.

('Born though I am of humble blood, Mæcenas, I shall not disappear since thou hast taken me to thyself.')

Thus Horace, emancipated from the cares of material life, thanks to Mæcenas, enjoyed liberty to devote himself wholly to the production of immortal works. This opportunity for meditative leisure is the psychological clime in which enduring culture and incorruptible art germinate. The scrupulous author is not compelled to compose toasts for the greedy feasts of the vulgar, nor to propitiate the bad taste of the common people. He does not live by grace of the populace, but by grace of Mæcenas. Without Mæcenas there is no Horace.

All Horace may be summed up in two words of advice to authors: 'Keep what you write ten years, and at the end of that time you can judge whether or not you ought to publish it,' and 'Detest and keep aloof from the profane and common herd.' Composure and Nobility! Remember that 'school' is a Greek word, and that in Greek it means leisure. Without leisure no one can follow the advice of Horace. If you will live by what you write and sell in the public market-place, it is impossible to wait ten years to give the fruits of your labor to the press. How will you propitiate the stomach during that long term? On the other hand, if you are fed by the vulgar, how can you lift yourself above the crowd?

Pure thought, pure philosophy, pure science, pure art are prolix gestations of leisure. We are conscious that we are fallen gods, says Pascal, only in our lucid and tranquil periods of creative repose.

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The separation between authors of recognized authority and authors who purvey to the populace continued throughout the Middle Ages. In Spain we distinguish between 'priests' knowledge' — *saber de clericia* — and 'clowns' knowledge' — *saber de juglaria.*

When a German, or a Dutchman, invented printing, the authors were, as we have said, expelled from Paradise. For a period after the new discovery, book-lovers spurned printed works with disgust, because they were so ugly in comparison with the precious illuminated manuscripts — carefully wrought as a painting or a piece of sculpture — which they had previously known. The emissaries of Cardinal Bessarion, seeing in the house of Constantino Lascaris the first printed book, said with a scornful smile: 'Such a thing could only originate among barbarians. Frederico di Urbino would blush with shame to have such a rustic book.' Yet these 'rustic books,' the incunabula of our printed literature, are now treasured like jewels.

It was as the depository of classical learning that the moulded letter acquired authority and won the respect of the reading public. Henceforth, the two objectives that the book industry set before itself were to make good books and to make artistic books. Thus, the editor or publisher became the real artist and author.

Here the history of bookmaking in Spain diverges from its history in other parts of Western Europe. Elsewhere Mæcenism grew rapidly, and was characterized by great liberality. In Spain it degenerated into condescending charity, which had to be obtained by servile mendicancy. Horace addressed Mæcenas as an equal. The begging dedications and appeals of Cervantes and Lope de Vega to their patrons still stir our wrath and indignation against the conditions that extorted them. Lope was treated like a common clown by the Duke of Sessa. That was the attitude of the Austrian aristocrats who ruled us.

Mæcenism reached its greatest splendor in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Descartes, Molière, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Goethe, and other leisurely and illustrious authors, were reverenced and heaped with honors by the State. At that time the State and the King were one. But it was otherwise in Spain, where the sole essay at Mæcenism was made by the ministers of Charles III, who were influenced by the culture of France. That was the only period when the Spanish Court surrounded itself with men of intellectual and artistic distinction; and it was the only period when publishers and editors throve in our country.

Then came the period of political and industrial revolution, in which we are still involved. This at first aggravated the crisis of authority created by the invention of the press. The political revolution proclaimed the dogma of popular sovereignty; asserted that the voice of the people was the voice of God. But popular sovereignty is valid only where it determines collective conduct. Forgetting this, the masses, in the intoxication of their triumph, ventured to assert themselves in every field of sovereignty, and to usurp the authority which belongs, by the enduring and universal assent of reason, to pure thought, pure science, and pure art. That is why the revolution aggravated the crisis of authority.

To be sure, some authors resisted this usurpation. Schiller wrote in his *Wallenstein*, '*Stimmen soll man wagen und night zählen*,' ('Votes should be weighed, not counted'), and Carlyle growled: 'I do not believe that State can last in which Jesus and Judas have equal weight in public affairs.' Let me cite that wise, liberal, progressive

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Spaniard of ancient times — the elder Seneca. In his *Vita Beata*, he writes: '*Itaque id evenit, quod in comitiis, in quibus eos factos prætores iidem qui fecere mirantur, quum se mobilis favor circumegit. Eadem probamus, eadem reprehendimus. Hic exitus est omnis judicii, in quo secundum plures datur.*'

('Thus it happens at the elections that the very citizens who have put the prætors in office by their votes are astonished to find them there later, when public sentiment has veered round. We condemn the very things we have approved. That is the invariable result when decisions are determined by a majority.')

To be sure, these criticisms do not invalidate the doctrine of popular sovereignty. Votes express the people's will, not their understanding. A ballot does not record a judgment, but a desire. As expressing desire, the vote of Judas would be as weighty politically as that of Jesus, and if the majority voted with Judas, his will would prevail. That happened in Judea in the time of Tiberius. It is clearly impossible to decide by ballot the distance of the earth from the moon, the merits of the *Iliad*, or the validity of Kant's philosophy; but for verifying what people wish, there is no better way than a popular vote. There lies the distinction. The people possess sovereignty, whose instrument is the will, and whose realization is the transitory act; but they do not possess authority, whose instrument is the understanding, and whose realization is the immortal masterpiece.

Then came the Industrial Revolution, the essence of which was quantity production. In one sense there was no industry until the nineteenth century; and quantity production is determined and limited by consumption — by a market. The factors of production in the book industry are paper, the printing press, and the man who brings the two together — the editor.

The author, I mean the living author, — he who now dwells in the flesh, — is or is not a factor in production as the market determines. It is the consumer who decides. In other Western countries, the political revolution caused the people to usurp undue authority, and to assume the power of judging questions of culture. At the same time, however, the possession of general culture was becoming more common. In many Western countries, illiteracy has ceased to exist. In those countries the book industry has its widest and securest market. Furthermore, the Government of those countries becomes itself a Mæcenas, bestowing rewards and honors upon distinguished authors through its schools, libraries, academies, and official publications.

In Spain a very different situation exists. A witty friend of mine once said: 'At first blush one might start a clothing-store in the Congo to-day and expect an immense business, because the natives possess at present practically no clothing.' One might reason that way of bookstores in Spain, and assume that because so many of our people are naked as respects letters and culture, there would logically be a huge demand among us for books. But, alas, those denuded of spirit do not blush at their mental nakedness, any more than does the Congo native at his physical nakedness; and those who affect to go clothed do not acquire, of the intellectual wardrobe, other garments than the scanty breechclouts, wristbands, and top hats in which the Congoese delight.

The public that does not know how to read has passed through several stages of evolution during the course of centuries. In the days of manuscripts, it did not trouble to learn its letters. After the printing press, with its neat type, came in, it learned slowly to spell;

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that was the fetish stage of the moulded letter. The political revolution initiated the masses into the pamphlet age, and gave them the pseudoscience of pushcart literature. That was the time of the huckster editor, the last step before the Mæcenism of the State finally abolished the illiterate classes. In most countries the reading public, if not cultivated, now at least aspires to true culture, and the authors of the highest merit are apt to receive the widest hearing.

But Spain lags behind. Our masses do not know how to read, although they have begun to spell. They clamor for pseudoscience or pornographic literature. The authors who cater to this public have hardly evolved beyond the illiterate story-tellers of an earlier age. They create nothing of their own. They recast only that which has reached their ears. But, while the illiterate authors of old listened to the voice of learned authority, the ignorant and half-educated writers who appeal to the public ear to-day flatter themselves in underrating true scholarship and art.

That is why I said at the beginning that the real author, the author who labors to endow a nation's soul with a universal conscience, to create pure science and pure art, does not exist to-day in Spain, except potentially. Like bishops in partibus — bishops without a diocese — they are authors without a public. You may argue that though these authors exist in partibus they are still real authors. I partially admit this. We have as many and as excellent authors in Spain as in the most fruitful period of Spanish literature, but they are inhibited authors — inhibited by two conditions.

The first of these conditions is the absence of Mæcenism, and consequently an economic servitude that robs them of leisure for creative work. This in turn is due to the excessive and hasty production of books, and to the flood of cheap periodicals. A scribbler who does not know how to write, but who catches the ear of a large public, may earn enough by a single book or half-a-dozen books to emancipate himself economically. But the author with a conscience — with a double conscience, national and universal — has to ransom his leisure for artistic creation by a toll of hasty and half-baked popular writing.

In the *Golden Legend* is a story of dragons, who made their lair in a forest near a peaceful city. The citizens, in order to propitiate the dragon's fury, were compelled annually to deliver to them, as a tribute to be devoured, a lovely virgin or a prince of the royal blood. It is thus that the popular market and the periodical press take their toll of the high talents of men capable of producing works of great and enduring authority. Blessed and merciful, indeed, are those few periodicals that spread before their readers the royal viands of true literary genius. H. G. Wells says he prefers to be called a journalist rather than a novelist. The fierce dragon of our society is the other species of the press, that ordinarily feeds on crawling grubs. An item is regularly carried in the budget of the Spanish Government to satiate this class of publications. It is commonly known as *El Fundo del Reptiles* — 'The Reptile Fund.' If I am not mistaken, this term was invented by Bismarck.

According to Musset, three things are absurd beyond all other things: a battle without a charge, a journey without a book, and a life without a love. On a Spanish train, a traveler who carries a book is stared at as an unheard-of oddity, like a priest not crossing himself and mumbling over his breviary.

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What is the remedy? I insist that the crisis of authority — the author's crisis — is due to a sole cause: lack of Mæcenism. I mean that kind of Mæcenism that has become a proper function of the State. Such Mæcenism can be exerted in a most wholesome and efficacious way. It can banish illiteracy; and to accomplish this, it need not confine itself to training schoolmasters — men who merely teach the mechanics of reading and writing. The State is called to a far greater task, to encourage men of genius, possessing the gifts and training to compel the attention of the multitude and to create a universal demand for literature in its highest sense.

COMING THINGS

BY WALTHER RATHENAU

[Frankfurter Zeitung *publishes the following extracts from Rathenau's book,* Von Kommenden Dingen, *on the occasion of the author's tragic death. This journal, which has been an ardent supporter of Rathenau's policy, says that the work, which appeared in* 1917, *is,* '*like all war-books, a book of ideals and errors. Its errors will be forgotten; its ideals point to the better day in which we trust.*']

From the *Frankfurter Zeitung, Wochenblatt, June* 28
(Liberal Daily)

Where is finality? Nothing happens more than once. Where is permanence? Every moment is a new creation, without direct connection with what precedes. How can there be development, since all temporal things are illusion? To be sure, it is true that in the profoundest depth of things movement ceases; the farther we are from the centre the dizzier is the whirl of shadowy motion. In every great moment of self-revelation, the soul is conscious that its divine goal is peace, and is spontaneously drawn away from the elusive periphery of change and movement toward the unchanging centre. Yet the possession of this secret does not liberate us from life. That which produces harmony in the chorus of the universe seems a discord to our partial hearing; that which is permanent and unchanging blurs before our eyes as we are whirled forward with our phenomenal environment.

Yet we have been placed in this world in order to complete it within the range of our action, and our footsteps on our path of thorns reëcho through all eternity. If we turn contemptuously from the transient phenomena of this evolving world, all thought becomes barren; every higher impulse becomes irrational; every act becomes folly. In fact, even our striving toward inner completion is an act, and to that extent, an illusion. To be sure, this outcome contradicts itself; for the ardent impulse of the soul continues to be real. Aye, it is the profoundest reality of our experience. If we make that impulse toward self-perfection, and not the absolute as we conceive it, the temporary axis of our experience, we again discover a logical object in life. Concentrating our

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thought upon the absolute paralyzes the will, but meditating upon the transcendental reveals a worthy purpose for our thinking, vivifies the will with love of our fellow men, of nature, and of the Deity, and summons us to action.

The mechanical principle may be given a moral and spiritual content. Its highest and noblest manifestation, the State, has thus been consecrated; and were the State not imbued with a consciousness of this higher quality, it could not accomplish its mission. To be sure, the thousandfold attributes of the State are drawn from more venerable sources, — love of home, sentiment of kinship, a common culture and history, and religious and theocratic tradition, — through which the mythopœic faculty of man has sanctified his political creation as a work of God.

Still, the vital point is not our origin, but the ultimate necessity of our nature; the vital thing is to be clearly conscious that the hallowed institution we call the State is higher than the needs of the individual; a recognition that man is not created to enjoy earthly pleasures, but to be a minister of the Divine; a faith that the human community is not an organ of expediency, but a home of the soul. This unexpressed conviction, that sheds over the most imperfect form of government a gleam of divine radiance, must be extended to every thought and act of our everyday life, and must embrace and permeate even its mechanical medium. We have always felt that in science and art, and in military and public service, we must not act irresponsibly for our private interest; that every man should account for his acts to himself and to the world; that a chain of duty and interest controls everything he does; that slackness and caprice brand him with the reproach of self-seeking and stigmatize him as a bondsman to his grosser instincts. But we must cultivate a feeling that every act we perform ought likewise to be determined by both our normal and our ideal love for our fellow men. We ought to realize that every deed and thought and word of ours is shaping some nucleus and cell in the higher organism of humanity; that a God-given responsibility makes whatever concerns the individual the concern of the community, and whatever concerns the community the concern of every individual member; that no misfortune or crime can occur for which we are not all accountable; that there can be no rights, no duties, no happiness, and no authority, that do not depend upon the coöperation of all, and do not affect all. When the mechanical principle is applied to a society that is once fully possessed of this knowledge, it ceases to be a mere empirical equilibrium of forces. It begins to grow and develop as a true organism in the greater organism of creation, and through its veins will flow unchecked the heart-blood of the Deity.

Our will, so far as it is not animal, springs from the fountains of the soul. Let us repeat again and again to every unquestioning worshiper of the pure intellect: the greater and the nobler part of life consists in willing. All willing, however, is, in its profounder and concealed aspects, loving and liking. It is a psychic function, from which the recording, measuring, weighing intellect stands consciously aloof, like a ticket-taker at the entrance of the theatre of the world. What we create is begotten of a deep and unconscious impulse; what we love we long for with a divine yearning; what we solicitously seek belongs to the unknown future world; what we really believe lies in the realm of the infinite. These things cannot be demonstrated, and yet they

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are the most certain things that exist. They cannot be grasped, and yet there is no really fruitful act of our life that is not governed by this inexpressible truth. What do we do from morning until night? We live for what we will. And what do we will? Something that we do not know and cannot comprehend, and yet believe in implicitly.

This faith rests upon a better proof than intellectual demonstration. Any pettifogger can detect faulty logic in the teaching of Plato, Christ, or Paul; and yet that teaching does not die. Every word they spoke is still truly alive, and has a power of kindling faith far beyond any physical, historical, or social theory. When we ask what is demonstrable in the strictest term of the word, even the geometry of Euclid does not stand the test. But if the world is profoundly conscious of truth, by what are we to identify this living truth?

We identify it by the power with which it seizes our heart. Every true word has a quality of its own, and every thought that springs, not from the labyrinth of the dialectic intellect, but from the realm of our feeling, possesses the vital quality that inspires trust. After this, demonstration is merely superfluous persuasion. A man feels himself called upon to proclaim the truth, not because he thinks it, but because he perceives it and experiences it, because the world he feels in his spirit is more real to him than the world he sees with his eyes. If he sees wrongly, at least his dust will level the way for those who follow on the road to truth. If only one word of what he says is inspired, it will become, no matter how carelessly sown abroad, seed for a mighty harvest in the hearts of men.

We must liberate ourselves from the slothfulness of conscience, which merely negative resistance to purely material pleasure, to countinghouse and market ideals, to commonplace hypocrisy, has left in the heart of Europe. Let us but feel the sting of the unworthiness of which we are convicted by the industrial bondage of our own brothers, — men of our beloved divine blood, — and we shall follow unhesitatingly a path parallel with that of Socialism, although we shall reject the goal of Socialism.

If we desire a growth of the soul in the world of the spirit, we must desire the redemption of our brothers from their hereditary bondage in the physical world. In seeking to liberate the unfree, we shall not find any redistribution of physical wealth or any rationing of material pleasures a sufficient remedy. Smoothing out the inequalities of human destiny and human desire is not essential to that redemption. Neither will it be the primary purpose of society to make all men independent, or good, or equal, or happy.

The task before us is to substitute self-direction and self-responsibility for a blind and invincible institution. We cannot force freedom upon men; we can only remove existing obstacles from the path of freedom. Whatever human and moral sacrifice this may cost is a matter of indifference, for we are not seeking utility and profit, but obeying a divine law. Even were obedience to that law to lessen the sum of material well-being, the validity of that law would not be thereby affected. Were our efforts to put this law in practice to delay the progress of material civilization, that would be relatively unimportant. We may inquire dispassionately whether such superficially undesirable results will follow. But if we discover that they will not ensue, that should be for us no special commendation or encouragement. For the man who seeks what is ultimate-

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ly right needs no persuasion and no promises. . . .

All labor is noble when it is performed for its own sake. All labor is ignoble that is performed under the stimulus of material desire or the compulsion of fear; that is not an end in itself, but merely a means to an end.

A marvelous, paternal, divine love for the thing wrought gave their peculiar quality and virtue and fullness and expressiveness to the ancient works of our master artisans. Modern utilitarian quantity-production is deaf and dumb. Its products but glitter for a moment on the way to the rubbish heap where their brief existence ends. The abundance of freely lavished love that gives to the old articles of handicraft a beauty, utility, and grace that self-seeking labor could never create, is an emotion despised by our profit-figuring machine-production. The only surviving remnant of our older art is precision, a highly disciplined technical virtue acquired by the labor of many generations, each of which has contributed its mite to the common stock of mankind.

If we lift our gaze, however, from this miserable, utilitarian, profit-seeking, to the truly fruitful, labor of our era, we see at once that creative effort exists only where no immediate utilitarian end is in view, where things are done for their own sake. The artist works because he loves his work; the scientist toils because he thirsts to know; the true statesman is spurred on by the stimulus of his will and the compulsion of his ideals. Even in more material pursuits there is a nobler motive striving to achieve better conditions of existence for the individual and the community. A financier or a captain of industry who works for wealth alone is a dead weight on business. His hand will sow no seed that will germinate into fruitful crops. He who serves two masters, his vocation and his selfish interest, will invariably prove weaker than he who serves his vocation alone.

What more do we need, then, than that the free spirit of love for our task that already characterizes all higher pursuits may be extended to all other occupations? There is not a single labor that man performs that cannot become a task of love and be ennobled by the spirit in which it is done. The human heart is as manifold as human callings. It creates not only the born soldier and the born priest, but also the born pressman, machinist, chess-player, stenographer. But we must have no hereditary castes. We must be emancipated from narrowing material cares; we must be free to choose our vocation. It is practicable to have this freedom. When it is completely attained we shall not need the stimulus of baser motives, the knout of avarice or fear, of hunger or greed. Every man's love of his task will keep the productive machinery of society in motion.

The uncertainty of our age, and the hesitation of its wise men to form appraisals and judgments, is without example. Never before has such a surplus of undisciplined intellects existed upon our globe, encouraging and justifying the haphazard and arbitrary opinions that their emotions suggest. Our æsthetic standards are wavering and uncertain; our affections and aversions shift from their poles abruptly; our ideas of what is proper and just and logical have no firm foundation. Since anything can be proved, contradictory opinions are demonstrated daily, and we accept each demonstration. None the less, a few are aware that even today the little group of men who incarnate the creative faculties of the race, because they draw their inspiration and their convictions from the depths of their intuition — that these rare

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spirits, no matter what their origin and vocation, glow with the same faith and preach an identical message. We assume no miracle when we predict that a day will come when a majority of mankind will learn to search their own hearts and souls, and to form their judgment and conduct in respect to everyday affairs in conformity with their loftiest motives. It will not be a cold mechanical life that we shall then lead, even though its dramatic and tragic motives of fear and emulation have vanished, even if many a delusive pleasure and secret joy is stifled. Our higher will will kindle ardent passions; and the fact that this will no longer occupies itself with mere physical and animal necessities and desires will be its charter of freedom. The new age will not be one of indifference for our fellow men, of cold scientific charity and courteous aloofness; for when our degrading struggle for bread and position ceases, when competition and rivalry, envy and malice, fawning and arrogance have disappeared, their place will be taken, as it is to-day in the case of our noblest spirits and during heroic crises, by a sense of responsibility and of solicitude for the community, by mutual helpfulness and solidarity.

This sense of responsibility is the only motive that can establish and justify authority over others. He who is dominated by that sentiment will never seek authority for the distinction it confers; will never crave power for the personal satisfaction of himself or others. Responsible government is service; not the mystical service of a despotic Deity, that encourages the arbitrary use of power for its own sake, and craves homage for the sake of homage, but a service to ideals that is contagious and irresistibly urges others to join us in our common labor. Responsible government in this sense makes the king a servant, and the servant a king. It does not demand submission and obedience, but coöperation and support; it despises obeisances and flattery, pomp and ceremony. A man who delights in ruling slaves is but a fugitive slave himself. He only is a freeman whom the free willingly follow and willingly serve.

If we make an accounting of the better and more beautiful qualities that characterize our middle and lower classes, — their honesty, common sense, loyalty, courageous industry, readiness to encounter danger and to suffer, reverence for God and man and nature, love of home, self-forgetfulness, eagerness for knowledge and understanding, and ambition to be competent in life, — we may well consider the shadowy side of our national character relatively unimportant, and rate our people happy because their faults are so few. But when we judge them by the touchstone of political ideals, the result is not so satisfactory. Unhappily, the weaknesses of our character are precisely those that disqualify a nation for political life. What we lack is a spirit of personal independence, a consciousness of nobility, a sense of mastery, a conviction of individual responsibility, greatness of heart; and liberation from our obsession that some are born to rule and others are born to obey, from our pettiness and proneness to fault-finding. The political future of Germany depends upon our mastering these weaknesses. Our problem is not one of institutions but of character. Every future statesman who serves more than his personal ambition and selfish interests must be impressed in a compelling way with the conviction that the first requirement for the future progress of the nation is to awaken a new moral force in the people themselves.

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THE BOERS

BY AN OLD AFRIKANDER

From *Die Grenzboten, June* 17
(Berlin Junker Political and Literary Weekly)

South Africa is one of the few countries that is more troubled to-day by domestic politics than by the business situation. A new national movement is taking form there under unique conditions. We know almost nothing of this process, although it is destined eventually to influence profoundly the relations of the industrial countries of Europe with one of their greatest reservoirs of raw materials. The elements involved in this nation-building movement are the natives, the Asiatic immigrants, the English, the Boers, and, in a very modest way, the Germans.

Although the Boers have done most of the hard work of civilizing South Africa, we really know very little about them. Europeans are inclined to think them either heroic champions of liberty or brutal and primitive White Kafirs. We cannot form an intelligent opinion regarding them unless we have some precise knowledge of their racial heredity, their climatic environment, and their history.

As we all know, they are of Dutch stock, with a considerable infusion of French Huguenot and High German blood. Even under the Dutch East India Company, they received little consideration. When the English took possession of Cape Colony, in 1815, the Government's political and economic oppression reached such a point that they heroically resolved to leave behind whatever property they could not carry, and seek refuge in the wild and desolate interior. There they founded a new free government. Their history from the beginning of the Great Trek, in 1836, to the Treaty of Union, in 1902, is but a record of this struggle for liberty and independence. Their enterprise ultimately failed, because the Boers, like all German tribes, lack national discipline, and value their personal liberty above their political independence. They refused to set up a monarchy or strong central government. Indeed, the character of the country, whose vast spaces invited them to an individualist and almost nomadic life, was unfavorable to the evolution of a complex modern State.

None the less, this little people produced a surprising number of remarkable men. Pier Ritief, Potgieter, Pretorius, Kruger, and others of their type were strong characters and real leaders, with unusual gifts of statesmanship. These qualities were the more to their credit when we consider that they had no education beyond that afforded by the primary schools, the Bible, and their own shrewd common sense. They performed exploits comparable only with the great explorations of Livingstone and Stanley, and many episodes of their lives read like ancient sagas. But the patriarchal self-absorption and theological controversies of these scattered clans and families were fatal to that spirit of coöperation and compromise essential in a settled government. Eventually, many of them wearied of the hardships and perils of their nomadic life, and sought an established abiding-place, even at the

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cost of submitting to English rule and adopting English customs.

England watched every move of the Boers with alert and insistent attention, no matter what statesmen or what party might be in power. Finally the day came when the British flag waved over every square mile in South Africa that the Boers had conquered for the White race. In 1842, England blocked the access of the South African Republics to the sea by annexing Natal. These two Republics were never efficient and competent political organisms: and they failed utterly when faced by the new problems that presented themselves when gold was found within their territories. That discovery was the signal for the British Government to make its last move.

A distinctive and unusual character was imprinted upon the Boers by long wandering in the wilderness, where they knew no law but their family traditions, and were exposed constantly to danger from savage beasts and still more savage natives; by their ceaseless political and theological feuds; by their isolation from the rest of the civilized world; by frequent alternations of plenty and scarcity; and by the temptation to humble their national pride, and to seek repose and security under the protection of the most powerful empire in the world. When we accuse the Boers of political unsteadfastness, of civic slothfulness, and of lack of discipline, we must remember that for a century this people was constantly on the defensive against overt and covert assaults upon its nationality, and that, even though many individuals succumbed, the great majority remained true to their language, their traditions, and their customs.

Many Boers are illiterate and superstitious, but this is explained by the fact that for years after the Great Trek no regular school facilities could be provided. An educational system cannot be created overnight. Methods of agriculture have been accommodated to the character of the country. Great herds of cattle are pastured on the vast plains, whose scanty herbage makes a frequent shifting of location necessary. Consequently, the Boer knows nothing of intensive cultivation and small farming, such as we have in Europe. Habituated to the life of the plains, with only his cattle and wild animals for company, he has learned to do without comforts and domestic refinements, and has acquired an aversion for the drudgery of routine labor. His nomadic life has made him self-reliant. He has little appreciation of the amenities of civilization, and is very inferior to the German settler in industry and thrift.

However, this life has made the Boers a remarkably vigorous and prolific race. Their primitive way of living and simple wants encourage marriage and make large families the rule. Measured by European standards, the Boer may seem inferior; but when we study him more closely we discover that the very qualities that we criticize fit him peculiarly for the part he is called upon to play in Africa. The political failure of the Boers may be due to their political passivity; but that very quality promises to make them eventually masters of the country.

One great merit of the Boer leader, General Botha, was his recognition of this fact. He was a statesman of the first rank, though often unjust. He accepted the Treaty of Union because he knew the British were reckoning without their host when they imagined that they could make over the Boers into Englishmen. He planned to use peace and English protection to give his people what they lacked, to train them to assume the leading rôle in South Africa to which they were entitled. He designed to assimilate the English ele-

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ment into a new African nation, in which Boer blood should be overwhelmingly preponderant.

Botha's policy will inevitably succeed; it is in perfect harmony with the genius of his race. It made him promptly take the side of England in the World War; for coöperation with the masters of the sea is the cornerstone of his programme. But the military assistance he gave to the British Empire was not disinterested. It won for the South African Union the neighboring German colonies, and thus rounded out its future empire. At the same time, his action strengthened the position of the Union in its relations with the mother country, and hastened the coming of the time when South Africa could treat with that mother country as an equal.

Never does a political policy win such universal acceptance as to encounter no opposition. Botha's party, under the leadership of Smuts, has now become reactionary, opposed to those Boers who form the Nationalist Party under Hertzog. I do not mean that the Smuts régime is reactionary in the sense of opposing the progress of the Boer people, but it seeks to restore the situation that existed at the end of the nineteenth century. The Unionists defend British interests, but they refuse to pay the charges of British imperialism out of their own pocket. To this extent they are more Afrikander than English. However, Great Britain's influence is not limited to the support she receives from Smuts and his party. Her gold, her able press, her social culture, her unquestioning assumption that she is the first nation in the world, win some converts to her cause among the more easily influenced, even of the Afrikanders.

General Smuts's party is the stronger, although the Nationalists at several elections have come close to a victory. Probably the division of the Boer vote between the two parties will vary with every election, because many electors are not sure just where they stand, and are easily moved by skillful campaign appeals. Hitherto, attempts to unite the Boers at the ballot box have proved unsuccessful. The Dutch-speaking population largely outnumbers the English-speaking population. It is doubtful if the Boer republics would have been stronger to-day than they were twenty-five years ago had they continued independent. They could not be restored now without hard fighting and a fearful sacrifice of blood. Therefore the Nationalist Party must accommodate its programme to a continuance of the Union, and this handicaps it seriously. To separate a land like South Africa by political frontiers and customs barriers, to revive the old railway wars and port controversies, would prove an intolerable burden for trade and industry. But there is another reason why a new conflict between the White nationalities in South Africa would be disastrous; this is the practical certainty that the Black race, already on the point of revolt, would seize the opportunity to rise against its present masters throughout Africa.

England, to say nothing of France, already witnesses with concern the decline of White prestige in that continent. It is a mistake to fancy that the British authorities are unfriendly to the Blacks. Precisely the opposite is true. The Puritan traditions of the Englishman still have a profound effect upon his conservative national life; they incline him to deny the existence of race distinctions, and blind him to a thousand evidences of their existence. He refuses to see that the Negroes can be lifted out of brutal barbarism only by the constant leadership and tutelage of the Whites; that only thus can the Blacks be made useful members of the

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human family. Great Britain gives the Blacks the same rights as the Whites. She did not hesitate to employ them in her campaigns against the Boers, and recently against the Germans. The Constitution of the South African Union reserves to Great Britain the protection of the aborigines, and thus enables the Imperial authorities to pursue a similar course in times of peace. Nor has the Colonial Office hesitated to make unscrupulous use of this privilege in its policy of divide and conquer.

Without going further into the race question, it is enough to say that the natives are making more and more insistent and threatening demands for political and social equality. Within certain limits, they already possess that equality in Cape Province. Indian, Malay, and Japanese immigrants encourage them in these demands.

Since the Blacks outnumber the Whites fivefold, complete political equality would, for the first time in history, place a Caucasian nation under Negro rule. That would force the Whites to emigrate, and soon convert the country into the savage desert that it was two hundred years ago. All the rest of Africa would follow suit, and shake off the White yoke. Our trade and commerce with that continent would decline to the vanishing point. England's selfishness and blindness and Europe's helplessness invite a danger in Africa that does not stand second even to Bolshevism in its calamitous possibilities.

The only way we can avoid a bitter race war, and the withdrawal of a whole continent from the area of civilization, is to preserve peace among the White people of South Africa, and to cultivate the racial pride which is so strongly marked in the Boers. The latter are not as proud of their nationality as are the English, but they surpass the latter in pride of race. While the Boer is as strict in his religious beliefs and observances as the English Puritan, he does not interpret the dead letter of the Gospel so literally as to regard the Negro as his Black brother; he will not receive him as an equal in State and Church; he denies the Asiatic the right to settle in his territory. For the Boer does not derive his opinion of the natives from books, or from religious speculations; he knows the native because he has associated with him from childhood. He knows that the Negroes, if left to themselves, would kill each other off in barbarous wars and forays.

In the same way that German boys are taught to-day of 1813 and 1870, Boer children learn, almost from infancy, the tale of the vengeance their forefathers took for the atrocities of a Dingaan. In the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, a wise patriarchal relation existed between the Whites and the Blacks. The Boer gave the Kafir his due, but knew perfectly well how to keep him in his place with the ox-whip or, if necessary, with the rifle. Both parties profited by this régime. The natives multiplied, free from the reign of terror imposed upon them by their own bloodthirsty chiefs, and they learned to work. English stories of Boer cruelty to the Blacks are precisely as false and as true, and are designed to serve the same purpose, as those told of German atrocities in Belgium and Southwest Africa.

In a word, the Boers are an excellent border guard for European civilization against the Black and the Yellow peril. They are sentinels watching over the rights of the White race from the Sahara to the Cape of Good Hope. Aye, more than that, the Afrikanders may eventually be entrusted with the task of preserving all Africa for White civilization.

Clearly, no place is left for this

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broader vision in the narrow programme of the Nationalists, whose gaze is wholly fixed upon the past. The South African Party of General Smuts can pursue these greater objects only by holding aloof from British policy with regard to the natives and remaining true to the traditions of the earlier Boers. Even the most casual perusal of the South African press shows that there is a strong pro-English element in this party that refuses to see the dangers that the native problem presents, and that regards a mongrel South Africa as not entirely undesirable, because it would be more easily ruled than a South Africa with a vigorous pure White population.

The only remedy that I see for this perilous tendency is to Africanize the British element in the Union, and to convert them to a programme of independence upon a basis of complete equality with England. That was, in fact, the very core and substance of Botha's platform.

Naturally, where everything is so confused and impermanent as it is in a new country like South Africa, and where so many cross-currents are at work, many different opinions can be honestly held. But all must agree to this: the rapidly multiplying, vigorous, acclimated Boers are the most powerful factor in the situation. Their language is proving itself better accommodated to the demands of frontier intercourse than the English, and is evolving into a distinct tongue different from the High Dutch spoken in Holland. The school system is vastly better than it was in the old Transvaal, and a growing number of young Boers are entering commerce and industry, or studying at foreign universities. During the war new manufactures sprang up. The local Dutch press already rivals in many respects the press of Europe; and during the war its editorial and news service were characterized by independence and exhaustiveness. Farming methods are improving.

In a word, the Boers are rapidly rising out of the narrow limitations of their old pastoral life and making themselves felt in every field of economic and social, as well as political, activity. Of course, there will be no sudden revolution.

The world-wide economic depression that has followed the war, plus such disturbing local questions as the proposed annexation of South Rhodesia, urgent administrative and judicial reforms, and the new labor movement, are absorbing the not unembarrassed attention of the Union Government.

The radical changes now occurring in South Africa are part of that larger process that has been transforming the British Empire since the war. All the Dominions are demanding more autonomy and a larger voice in Imperial policies. Sooner or later, England will be forced to consent to a general revision of the Imperial Constitution, which will change the Empire from a mother country, with a cluster of more or less dependent colonies, into a confederation of equal members. This will revolutionize British policy, and compel the English to cease looking upon Colonials as 'second-class men.' A British Empire thus transformed will allow Boers greater freedom of action, and afford opportunities for self-development greater than they have ever hitherto enjoyed.

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RUMINATIONS IN AMERICA

BY MARCELINO DOMINGO

[This article forms part of a series of contributions to the Spanish press by one of the better-known Socialist writers of Spain, summarizing his observations in Latin America. We have previously alluded to the fact that the unrest which we are inclined to assume as chronic among our Spanish-speaking neighbors to the southward is gradually losing its exclusively political character and assuming social and class aspects with which our own people are likely to be increasingly concerned.]

From *El Socialista*, *June* 28–30
(MADRID SOCIALIST-LABOR DAILY)

ALTHOUGH Cuba has not yet reached a stage of political evolution where her political practices and customs are above moral reproach, and where individual ambition is ever ready to bow to the exigencies of public welfare, her civic institutions and respect for constitutional practices place her decidedly in advance of Spain. To be sure, public opinion is anæsthetized by the right of intervention, sometimes exercised, and always held in reserve, by the United States. If we listen intently to the voice of the Cuban heart, it discloses to us the deep longing of the nation for complete and unqualified sovereignty, for freedom to shape her social structure as the nation wills. That will come sooner or later. Cuba will follow a course parallel to that of Mexico, and these two Republics will have a profound influence upon the vigorous spirit of unrest that already begins to manifest itself among their neighbors farther south. In general, Spanish America is already politically in advance of Spain, and is concentrating its energy upon still further progress.

The Spanish American views Spain according to the light in which he interprets his country's past history — with hatred, respect, or love. Some Americans regard the Conquest as a feat of soulless adventurers; others as the work of hair-brained Quixotes; and still others as the predatory incursion of gold-thirsty robbers. I find men here who look back to the period of Spanish rule as an era the very memory of which is an insult to the human race. Others regard it as a transitional period, during which the young peoples of America were reaching national maturity; and there are yet others who look upon our rule merely as a demonstration of Spain's incapacity to govern colonies.

But whatever the attitude of your native Spanish American toward Spain's past relations with his continent, he is fully convinced that the political institutions and social conditions of his own country are now superior to those of the motherland. He regards Spain either with wrath, with sorrow, or with sarcasm. Our Monarchy, our Parliament that does not function, our repression of the working classes, our hapless and disgraceful Morocco adventure arouse his scorn. This attitude was forcibly expressed by the present Minister of Instruction in Mexico. When I asked what kind of reception his country would give to Alfonso XIII, he said: 'A pleasant one, as the official representative of Spain; but Mexico

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would prefer to see Spain represented in a more worthy manner.'

America is cutting new trails in world history of which we know little. Our own country still lags far behind in political culture and social progress. She is daily becoming more and more alienated from her American daughters. Historical traditions? They are not enough. The same tongue? Men do not group themselves by languages, but by ideas. If the Spanish idiom ceases to articulate in Spain the thoughts that float through the mind of America, that idiom will cease to be a bond between these two halves of the Spanish-speaking world. It is not language and history, but community of ideas, institutions, and ideals that will hold together the two branches of our race on the opposite shores of the Atlantic. Only that will serve. If Spain is not to become irreparably alienated from America, she must awaken to the true situation and place herself in line with the forefront of political and social progress across the water.

This is an even more imperative duty for Spanish settlers in America. The Spanish immigrant usually crosses the Atlantic because he can do better materially in a new land than at home. While he is engaged in a struggle for a competence, his whole attention is absorbed in that labor; when he has attained his desire, he becomes jealously alert to defend his property. In other words, Spanish immigrants in America are, as a body, ultraconservative. That is notably true of certain districts in Cuba, and is even more evident, perhaps, in Mexico. These Spaniards are totally unaware of the extent to which they prejudice Spain's moral prestige in the New World by their reactionary attitude. The Spanish immigrant should have an historical ambition to stand in the forefront of political and social progress in America and, if possible, to direct its course. If he cannot do this, at least he should not be an obstacle in the path of reform.

Were the Spanish settlers in the New World imbued with an enlightened liberalism, they might contribute inconceivably to the prestige and moral influence of their mother country in these new Republics. If their idealism alone does not counsel such an attitude, their self-interest should do so. For hitherto Spanish Americans have been so absorbed by political problems, by the task of establishing autonomy and independence, and of liberating their country from foreign intervention, that they have left trade and industry, and even commercial agriculture, largely in the hands of Spanish settlers. But now the Spanish-American Republics have successfully asserted their political independence, and their people are turning their attention to winning economic independence. If in this new evolution the division between Conservatives and Progressives proves to be also a division between Spanish immigrants and natives, a situation will result most unfortunate for the former.

I therefore regard this as a critical hour for Spain, and for the Spanish settlers in America. Both must show evidence of a liberalism of spirit and of institutions equal to that of America, or both are destined to be irretrievably alienated and cut off from association with America in the route she is pursuing. . . .

Cuba is an isle in chains. She wore chains when she was a colony of Spain, who set narrow limits to her freedom. She is in chains to-day, after buying her independence with her blood, because the United States, while apparently leaving her a free exercise of sovereignty, has shackled her with a Platt Amendment.

Cuba's priceless treasure is her geographical position, rather than her

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sugar and tobacco. Like Japan and Great Britain, she is a distinct geographical unit. She holds the key to waters that form the vestibule of a continent. She is the immediate neighbor of all the three Americas; and yet she is not a part of any one of them. I repeat, Cuba's greatest treasure is her geographical position. Yet that geographical position, which might be her most formidable and effective source of sovereignty, is the cause of her enchainment. Her case is similar, in a way, to that of Mexico, whose great economic resource is petroleum. The masterful nations of the world are searching the whole globe for oil, convinced that its possession is a guaranty of commercial and political power. Mexico possesses oil in what seem to be inexhaustible quantities. But while this treasure is the source of her wealth, it is also the source of her misery. It has brought her political instability, and unceasing encroachments upon her sovereignty by other Powers.

However, Cuba presents a moral problem more depressing than that of Mexico. The latter country has permitted foreign capitalists to take possession of her natural wealth, to batten on the riches of her vast estates, her rich mineral resources, and her trade; but she has successfully resisted political subjugation. No foreign master has set his hand on the Constitution of Mexico. Quite the contrary. The Constitution of Mexico is at last setting definite limits to the usurpation of foreign exploiters. This is not true of Cuba. She struggled to free herself from Spanish bondage until Spain delivered her into the bondage of a nearer and more powerful master.

Now, wearied with the struggle, conscious of her powerlessness, her courage gone, her civic conscience deadened, the same Cuba that so valiantly and vigorously defied Spain bows her head submissively to her Anglo-Saxon neighbor. I know positively that deep in the soul of every Cuban lies hidden an irrepressible burden of grief, of protest, of aversion for this bondage; but on the surface one sees only a spirit of utter self-abnegation. The United States has a free field in Cuba for economic and political exploitation.

Cuba's bondage, like the servitude of any being having a mind and will of its own, arouses the spontaneous indignation of all who realize what moral slavery means. For this is a curse that robs the human race of the best services of an entire people. Such bondage begets indifference to the higher fruits of civilization, aversion to independent action, a spirit of passive servility. A person or a people in bondage either fights desperately to break his bonds, or learns to love them. In the latter case, all impulse to enrich the spiritual content of life, and to elevate its moral basis, vanishes. A bondsman may become a superman if he revolts; but he inevitably becomes a subman if he submits.

In one aspect, the European War was fought for the liberty and political rights of small nations. I shall not pause to examine whether in this respect, as in so many others, the war was an immense humbug — a betrayal of every hope we based upon it. But let us assume that this was not so; that the small nations have really been given a guaranty of independence. Does this mean that our task is accomplished? No. There is a political status worse than that of the nationalities that have not succeeded in attaining self-government. I mean the condition of nominally independent states that are in reality economic or political colonies. Nothing too bad can be said of the status of India to-day or of Ireland yesterday; but the condition of Mexico, Cuba, Guatemala, and Nicaragua is

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still worse. Unhappy he who possesses no political rights; but still more unhappy he who possesses those rights, but is prevented from freely enjoying them!

What hope is there for these shackled nations? Armed rebellion? That would accomplish nothing, because the master they serve is not an open and visible enemy. They are not enchained by armed force, but by subtle legal bonds against which they may beat their hands as against empty air. Can they appeal to the conscience of mankind? That might be a first step forward. If persisted in, such a protest might eventually result in some international organization, vested with economic as well as political powers that would set limits to the control that any nation, or the citizens of any nation, could exercise over the government and citizens of another nation. There seems to be no other remedy for these usurpations of sovereignty, which are not brought about by force of arms or direct political pressure, but by the subtler agencies of high finance and capitalist intrigue.

THE DUBLIN FIGHTING

BY AN IRISH CORRESPONDENT

From the *New Statesman, July* 8
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

DUBLINERS are no more anxious than anyone else to stop bullets. But they are philosophers enough to argue that since in a civil war waged by snipers in the streets of a populous city the chance of stopping bullets is much the same wherever one happens to be, it would be absurd to set the risk of reducing by a little one's margin of safety against the satisfaction of seeing what is to be seen. Persistent crowds not only hover about the fringes of the danger areas, but edge into them at every opportunity, careless alike of stray bullets and of warning shots fired over their heads. When, on Sunday, a sniper's post in Harcourt Terrace held by irregulars was rushed under cover of a machine-gun barrage, a mob of sight-seers followed practically on the heels of the stormers in the hope of picking up souvenirs. During the week-end fighting, girls in white frocks were selling flags for a hospital in streets over which bullets were humming, and I saw a couple of amateurs with pocket kodaks risk their lives to get a snapshot of an armored car coming into action against the rebel headquarters in the Gresham Hotel.

Both sets of combatants have shown the most amiable consideration for spectators. Instead of resenting their intrusion, they seemed rather to welcome their presence, provided they did not thrust themselves too recklessly into the line of fire. Even when they did, rival snipers would often suspend their duels until the incautious adventurers managed to dash back to safety. As in 1916, civilians so far have supplied the majority of the casualties, but this is

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due in a large measure to the fact that they remain in the open while the fighters keep snugly under cover.

Yet for all the risks that are run there is singularly little to see. The bombardment of the Four Courts, which I did not see, may have been dramatic; the siege of the rebel positions in O'Connell Street, which I did, certainly was not. From the corner of Eden Quay, at the southern end of the street, it was like watching an empty stage, where the performers, instead of appearing before the footlights, devoted themselves to making an infernal din behind the wings.

The stage illusion was heightened by the flood of summer sunlight and the glimmer of green leaves beyond Nelson's Pillar, — I had never consciously noticed trees in O'Connell Street before, — and rising above them, on the slope of the hill, the serene and mellow fronts of old Georgian houses, each of which might have been the abode of one of Jane Austen's families. Down to the flocks of fat pigeons that pecked on the roadway at the base of Nelson's Pillar and rose lazily in a gray cloud during unusually fierce bursts of firing, it was a setting for a comedy of delicate artifice. Though one knew it was tragedy, not comedy, that was afoot, there were no visible signs of the tragedy except the Red Cross flags at the casualty stations on either side of the empty street.

Occasionally, when rifle and machine-gun fire blended into a deafening roar, puffs of dust would float from the walls or flakes of plaster fly out and settle on the footpaths. Once a woman, hatless, in a navy-blue jacket and skirt, appeared from nowhere in the No Man's Land between the rival forces. She ran blindly in half-circles, waving her arms, until a Red Cross worker, rushing out from a side-street, dragged her into shelter. At long intervals an armored car would circle round Nelson's Pillar and sweep across the front of the rebel positions. One expected always a devastating outburst; but during the hours I watched it never drew more than a few snapshots, and having completed its tour would return with an air reminiscent a little of a dog that, having been sent into the water after a stick, has failed to retrieve it.

The main body of irregulars showed few signs of life, but some of their snipers, working their way across the roofs toward the Liffey, provided those of us who had clustered on O'Connell Bridge with the only real thrill of the afternoon. These men were firing at the National troops in the Ballast Office on the southern side of the bridge. Though shots were glancing off the upper stories, a treble row of spectators lined the front of the building, with the garrison banging away vigorously over their heads.

I was wondering how long it would take the sight-seers to realize their position, when suddenly four Free State soldiers doubled out in front of them. One stood upright on the pavement with his rifle raised as if for a *feu de joie*, another knelt on one knee in the roadway, the others crouched on either side of the pillar box at the corner, spick and span in its new coat of green paint, which, under the Free State, has replaced the British red. The four rifles spoke together, jets of brownish smoke eddying from the muzzles as the men emptied their magazines in desperate haste against the opposite roofs. It was war, or rather it should have been war. But mixed up with the soldiers in their green uniforms was a woman with a brown-paper parcel of groceries in one hand, tugging a child obviously reluctant to go, and behind the marksmen's heels two tattered boys jostled and squabbled as they grabbed up the spent cartridges. One felt that any self-re-

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specting cinema-producer, who knew what the dignity of war demanded, would have cut out the scene, and insisted on beginning all over again.

The spectators were as well worth studying as the battle. And not the least curious fact was that they were spectators and nothing else. The only comment that showed a bias in favor of one side or the other was that of an elderly woman in a shawl who, when the rumor ran round after a longer lull than usual that De Valera and all the rebel leaders were lying dead in the Gresham Hotel, remarked scornfully, 'Dead! He 'll take damned good care to let others do the dying.' Everybody else, whatever their sympathies may have been, resolutely refused to disclose them. They watched the struggle with a cool detachment that would have been rare anywhere, and was to me unprecedented in Ireland, while, as one of the characters in the *Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, says, 'Indeed, if it was only two cocks ye seen fightin' on the road, yer heart 'd take part with one of them.'

Possibly everybody's heart did take part, but if so they kept an excellent guard on their tongues, and conversation, of which there was plenty, was limited to such safe topics as whether Irregulars or Regulars occupied certain buildings or whether the white flag that drooped from one of the houses held by the Republicans was a sign of surrender or merely marked a Red Cross station. I am pretty certain, however, that the crowd round me included few Republicans, for the simple reason that every statement made implied that the Free Staters were winning all along the line, and that unconditional surrender could not be long delayed.

Another strange feature of the war is that bulletins play almost as important a part as bullets. Dead walls and tramway standards are plastered with rival proclamations and appeals. I saw Irregulars coming out, revolver in hand, from their posts to buy copies of *An t'Oglach*, the official broadsheet of the National Army; in the heart of the Free State position, girl enthusiasts were distributing the *Republican War News*, each issue of which appears in a different color, blood-red, green, yellow, or white.

Whereas there is surprisingly little rancor among the actual combatants, the temper of the propagandists is steadily rising. So far the worst taunts of the Free Staters have been about the bloodless surrenders of opponents who proclaimed their intention of fighting to the death, a questionable piece of tactics in view of the fact that the one thing that could weaken the Government would be a fresh batch of Republican martyrs.

Mr. De Valera's penmen are not deterred by any scruples about truth, and their propaganda displays a contempt for the intelligence of the average Irishman which could scarcely be matched by the most venemous Tory Die-Hard. The charge that the National troops are 'British soldiers dressed in green,' whose operations are planned and directed by General Macready in person, is merely laughable. But when so-called idealists sink to the detestable work of endeavoring to stir up sectarian passion by announcing that the towers of Protestant churches have been turned into sniping posts in order to facilitate the killing of Irregulars, one can measure the depths to which the Republican cause has sunk.

Fortunately, this insensate fanaticism defeats its own purpose. The doctrinaire Republicans, as an old Fenian said the other day, murdered the Republic in the Dàil debates, and are now burying the corpse under the ruins of the Four Courts and O'Connell Street.

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Their sole chance of success, a feeble chance I admit, was to create disaffection in the ranks of the Government forces. With incredible blindness to realities, they sought to produce a split by denouncing the men to whom they were supposed to be appealing as traitors whose outrages rivaled the worst excesses of the Black-and-Tans.

The inevitable result has been to stiffen the backbone of the soldiers, and create for the first time, in a real sense, a Free State Army. Nor have the inventions of Mr. De Valera's propagandists heartened their own side. In spite of ruthless conscription, backed by threats of shooting, the response to the mobilization order was poor, and hundreds of those who came in took the first safe opportunity of returning to their homes. Each day of the fighting has witnessed a steady decrease in the rebel strength, not by death, but by desertion, and the probability is that when the final surrender takes place only a small handful of those who originally answered the call will remain to lay down their arms.

MODERN LONDON ARCHITECTURE

BY SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD, R.A.

[*Sir Reginald Blomfield, M.A., R.A., F.S.A., is one of the most distinguished architects of Great Britain. He is the author of a* History of Renaissance Architecture in England *and a* History of French Architecture, *and many other notable works upon what he calls the 'Cinderella of the Arts.'*]

From the *Morning Post, July* 3, 4
(Tory Daily)

In the great days of the eighteenth century, intelligent persons took an interest in architecture, and there existed a certain consensus of opinion by which it was possible for the layman to form some sort of judgment on the merits of a building. The result was that architecture at the worst did not sink below a certain level, because the public sense would not stand it. This state of things no longer exists. Intelligent people take an interest in the art, but they have no accepted standard to refer to. The art critics give architecture a miss. Painting and sculpture are easier copy, and, as architecture is a technical art, there is the risk of getting out of one's depth.

Moreover, architecture cannot really be exhibited except in buildings. The only place where an exhibition is attempted is in the architectural room at the Royal Academy, and even there the architects have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage by substituting, for the illustration of architectural design, water-color pictures, seldom executed by the architect himself. In the descriptions of war memorials that appear in the papers, the only person to whom no reference is made is, with a few favored exceptions, the architect who designed the memorial. Architecture is out in the cold; the critics turn their backs on her, or, if they condescend to

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notice her, make her out to be so unattractive that they would have served her better by leaving her alone.

Thus, a few years ago we were told to look for architecture in merely utilitarian structures, on the basis of the familiar fallacy that beauty is efficiency — therefore if a building is efficient it must be beautiful. The example given was a modest building in which the whole front was treated as a gigantic window set in a frame, and there the architect had left it without further ado; but it appears to have been selected by the critic as the last word of modern architecture, because it squared with his thesis that the only way for art to advance is by scrapping the past and evolving out of nothing a new and original scheme of graphic and plastic art.

The position is one of some arrogance, inasmuch as it puts the thought of one's own generation above the accumulated attainment of ages, but it has its attractions for those who hold with the eminent Mr. Lancelot Brown that 'knowledge hampers originality.' The designer of this building did not lack either knowledge or originality, yet he seems to me not to have solved the problem of architecture but to have run away from it. As the old Chinese artist said, 'Excellence does not consist in multiplicity of detail, nor in bare simplicity.'

Architecture, if it is to be good, must be efficient for its purpose, but efficiency for its purpose in architecture has a wider range than it has in engineering or in simple building, because in architecture the appeal to the æsthetic sense has to be taken into account, and if that appeal fails the architecture fails with it. A complicated piece of machinery may be extremely efficient, but it makes no æsthetic appeal, and nobody expects it to. But the art of architecture is on a different footing, and we get into dangerous depths if we treat it as a matter of mere construction and skeleton framework, and forget that it is the art of dealing with mass and plane, and that it is a plastic art on the greatest of all scales. Moreover, it is folly to turn one's back on the past and to attempt to throw overboard associations which resolutely refuse to leave a well-found ship.

Fine architecture is like fine literature: it is new inasmuch as it has something personal and individual to say, and it is old inasmuch as it uses familiar idioms, phrases, and words, and the quality of genius is shown in the use of these existing means of expression, not in the attempt to invent new ones as long as there are any old available for the purpose. Moreover, in architecture as in literature, the underlying thread of old association, not tacked on to the fabric but woven into it, has a charm that nothing else can give. The basis of our judgment, our likes and dislikes, is not simple but exceedingly complex. All sorts of facts and associations go to form it, and it is impossible to isolate any one fact as the whole foundation of our æsthetic judgment.

Therefore, to nail down architecture to merely utilitarian purpose is as unsound critically as it is to limit painting to mere brushwork or mere pattern or whatever the latest fad may be. *Le bon goût*, which so much exercised the French Academicians of Louis XIV, cannot be ignored. There is such a thing as selection in art and it is the absence of this, it is, in other words, deplorable bad taste, that is responsible for most of our failures in architecture as in the other arts.

Owing to financial conditions, domestic architecture, in which the preëminent skill of English architects is not seriously disputed, is temporarily out of action; but in London and other great cities there is considerable activity in the building of large and costly busi-

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ness premises, shops, banks, insurance companies, and the like. There is no escaping these buildings in our daily walk, and the question arises, how far the façades of these buildings justify themselves architecturally? Their internal arrangements are probably excellent, but these are of no particular interest to the man in the street, because he never sees them.

Now, before we criticize these buildings it is only fair to endeavor to realize the conditions laid down for their designers. Take the modern shop-front, for example, with its vast expanse of glass and architecturally inadequate points of support. The tradesman is convinced that this treatment is essential to his business, that he cannot do justice to his wares unless they are paraded in full, even to the extent of little dramatic scenes with wax figures and fancy backgrounds. It is useless, therefore, to attempt to persuade him of the subtle charm, and even of the business efficacy of such modest little fronts as the eighteenth-century bow-windows of Fribourg and Treyer, the tobacconists of the Haymarket. He will have his sheet of glass in its bronze or brass mounting, and all the appurtenances of the shop-fitter, and so we get the shop-fronts in Regent Street that are now distressing us.

The point is that it is the tradesman, not the designer, who is mainly at fault, and that if the tradesman had sense enough to realize the value of reticence and dignity in design as a business asset, he would not persist in his demand for these artistic iniquities. That the shrewder among them already realize this is evident from some of the most recent examples. At the northeast corner of Arlington Street, in Piccadilly, there is a fine example of a commercial building treated with scholarship and distinction, and at the same time perfectly suitable for its purpose. There is another in Oxford Street, on the west side of Stratford Place, where the architect has confined most of his stonework to the Doric of his shop-front, and above has followed the old design of Stratford Place, with modest Ionic pilasters as the central feature, set in excellent plain brickwork. There is a repose and orderliness in this design which is very welcome amid the vulgar turbulence of Oxford Street and the alarums and excursions of some of its vast establishments. The palaces of princes, hybrid classical temples, are hardly suitable models for shops, and it has been a mistake to have ignored the tradition of eighteenth-century London — its sobriety, its dignity, and its common sense.

One admits that the tradesmen must have their way about their shop-fronts, but the shop-front is only the ground floor, and there remains the rest of the building. Surely it is not necessary to waste money in travesties of the orders and meaningless ornaments, fighting for their place with the windows and advertisements. And why not use brick, which is both cheaper and more durable than stone? With the exception of its churches and public buildings, London one hundred and fifty years ago was a city of bricks.

At the end of the eighteenth century the Neoclassic Revivalists, the Romanticists, and the landscape gardeners discovered that brick was a base material; so Nash finished Regent Street in stucco and paint, and owing to the chronic decrepitude of these materials and also to the commercial instinct for advertisement at all costs, Portland stone has taken its place, a magnificent material, it is true, but one not natural to London, and costly both in working and transport. The lead given by Norman Shaw in the City, when he built the house of the Barings, has not been followed up. Had it been possible to re-

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build new Regent Street in brick and stone it might have been far more interesting and attractive than it is ever likely to be, especially as north of Vigo Street and Glasshouse Street there appears to be no prospect whatever of a consecutive design.

Some sort of control should be exercised over the general treatment of new main thoroughfares, and if a Commission of Fine Arts is established, this might well be included within their terms of reference.

As it is, the chief anxiety of the designers of our great business premises seems to be to go one better than the man next door. The inevitable result is that great opportunities are too often wasted, and though an individual building may be fine itself, its want of relationship to adjacent buildings strikes a discordant note that upsets the whole architectural harmony. Anyone can see this in Regent Street from Vigo Street up to Oxford Circus. In Kingsway and Aldwych, things are a good deal better; the new buildings, with one or two serious exceptions, do pull together, to some extent, probably as far as it was possible to make them under existing conditions.

Elsewhere, the main object seems to be to reduce one's neighbor to insignificance; and it is this want of a wider outlook that spoils so many ambitious buildings. Boards of directors, often individually men of taste and refinement, seem in their collective capacity to forget that lavish display and audacious advertisement are not the best that architecture can do for them, and that in dealing with the great opportunities and resources under their control they have a certain responsibility to the public. They forget, too, that it is possible that they are mistaken as to what the public really does like. The public, and by that I mean people in all classes of society, have shown in more than one instance that they don't care about parade, that they dislike 'swank' in architecture as much as they do in other things, and that what really appeals to them (at any rate to the best of them) is straightforward simplicity.

A vast apparatus of the orders, even when correctly done, — which is not always the case, — is at its best an academical exercise of no interest to anyone but the mere technician, and even less attractive are the various versions of modern French design, which is now the prevailing mode of our great commercial buildings, a manner of design sadly inferior to the great French classic of the eighteenth century. There is something unreal and inhuman about this borrowed garb. It is alien to the kindly intimate tradition of our own country, and this is perhaps the reason why it fails to stir in us the faintest glimmer of enthusiasm. Subaudite in all great architecture are those distant strains of the long ago, French for the French, English for the English, not less insistent in their appeal than the strenuous effort after new and personal utterance.

It is the absence of this sense of kinship, a certain heartlessness and insincerity, which seem to me to be what is wrong with the design of most of our modern commercial buildings, capable as their authors undoubtedly are in other regards; and the defect is serious, because, in fact, it amounts to failure in the architectural sense, in ability to grasp the vital qualities of the art. One longs for some touch of the sober dignity of Chambers or Gabriel or Robert Adam. Imagine any of these men walking down Shaftesbury Avenue or up and down Oxford Street or the Tottenham Court Road. To them it would have seemed that Bedlam had broken loose or that they were back in the days of the Tower of Babel.

Yet this nightmare stage is passing.

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Good architecture will always be as rare as good painting and good sculpture, but we are getting more within range of it. The idea of a well-ordered city, though still only an ideal, is common property; and though there are architectural failures, there are also excellent and unassuming modern buildings to be noted in London by the sympathetic eye.

The new County Council Hall, not yet completed, compares favorably with most of the great public buildings executed in London in recent years; always excepting Norman Shaw's admirably picturesque Scotland Yard. The County Hall may be open to criticism in detail, such as its Ionic order, and the abnormal position of the Cloaca Maxima motive in the top story of the pavilions instead of in the basement. But, taken as a whole, the building is fine in mass, in the broad simplicity of its treatment, and in its magnificent emplacement on the river bank.

Modern architecture suffers, like the sister arts, from a confusion of tongues, but there is reason to hope that after a hundred years of wandering in the wilderness it is settling down again. We have thrown overboard the lumber of the Revivalists, and the very abnegation of the man who rests on his oars as soon as the practical requirements of his task are completed may serve as a starting-point for future architecture.

It is a welcome sign that our best men move steadily toward greater simplicity and reserve in design; that whereas thirty years ago they were intent on the details of Neoclassic, Neo-Gothic, and the like, they are now occupied with construction, proportion, mass and outline, planes and their relations, large planning in monumental work, effective and practical arrangement in domestic design. It is not the architect who is at fault so much as a careless public, too apathetic to insist on better things, and commercialists who insist that advertisement is the soul of success. One had hoped that after the war quality might take the place of quantity, the real thing the place of the sham. We still seem nowhere near it.

WHEN KINDNESS LIKE A PLANET SETS

BY ERIC CLOUGH TAYLOR

[*London Mercury*]

When kindness like a planet sets,
  And bitter thoughts infect the mind,
When love her fantasy forgets,
  When blind suspicion leads the blind,

Imagination fainting lies,
  With fallen stars her ways are strewn,
And fancy, once her firebird, flies
  To the cold caverns of the moon.

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THE FLIGHT FROM REALITY

BY F. A. HAMPTON, M.C., M.B.

From *Discovery*
(London Popular Scientific Monthly)

It is probably as much to that faculty that we loosely call imagination, as to any other, that man owes his supremacy in the struggle for existence, for by it he can make a picture of the future out of the experiences of the past and so obtain a kind of foreknowledge of events which immensely increases his powers of adaptation and the range of his achievements.

But a certain price must be paid for this constructive power of thought with the knowledge that it gives of the possibilities of the future and the manifold and remote consequences of an action, for man may well find something a little daunting in the vision of reality opened up by his far-reaching consciousness and by the exquisite 'awareness' with which it endows him. And this very business of adaptation to life is not always an easy matter, more especially in a civilized setting that has changed more rapidly than the nature of man, who still carries with him an equipment of instincts necessary in a primitive mode of life but often difficult to utilize or satisfy in an environment that civilization has sometimes made all too equable.

A conflict is, therefore, liable to arise between the 'pleasure-pain' principle of the primitive child-self, that demands the satisfaction of its wishes forthwith, and that more adult, civilized, and social self that seeks 'to adapt the organism to the exigencies of reality, to subordinate the imperious demand for immediate gratification, and to replace this by a more distant but more permanently satisfactory one.'

But imagination comes to the rescue, and that faculty, which was evolved, we may suppose, to enable man to cope more effectively with reality, provides him with a ready means of escape from it by constructing a substitute, or a more genial version of reality.

The easiest escape is into the daydream, where the difficulties and handicaps that keep us from realizing our desires are abolished and even the laws of time and space hold no sway. Here the effort of adaptation to life is abandoned and the problem solved — for a time — by adapting reality to ourselves.

A little introspection will show that daydreams are commoner than we might be disposed to admit, and a real and valuable relief to tired or hurt minds; for the daydream builds itself and is singularly effortless compared with that process of directed thinking — of thinking in order to act. The daydream forms, we know, a large part of the mental life of the child; but there are few who leave it entirely behind, and we still build castles in Spain, the romantic country that provides also the 'Spanish prisoner' to play upon our eternal daydream of getting rich quickly.

Generally, our grown-up fantasies are somewhat prosaic; we recast the events of the day as we would have had them happen, or live in a future of personal or professional success. Sometimes these reveries justify themselves practically and 'ideas come to us' that had escaped the pursuit of our

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more active thinking, ideas that were, perhaps, held back because our conscious self found them a little too bold or because the observations and feelings that gave rise to them were individually too faint and elusive to be recognized and formulated into a logical sequence; for man sets too much store by the efficiency of his reasoning powers to accept the end-product — the inspiration or intuition — when he cannot discover the process that led up to it. But if our daydreams are prosaic, we can purchase something more elaborate from the artist who lives by his imagination (which is not to say that all literature is 'dream-peddlery'), and we may realize our desires vicariously in romances of luxury or adventure or love.

It is perhaps significant of a change in our national psychology that tragedy is no longer popular, that a happy ending to the drama is demanded. It seems as though the deep tragic note of the old ballads and folk songs were no longer bearable and the robust enjoyment of Byronic melancholy or Victorian pathos an impossibility to the general public of to-day.

If the habit of reading were universal, the type of literature most popular might be expected to throw a good deal of light on the psychological needs of a people and the trend of their unconscious desires, but the public that reads imaginative literature is a comparatively small one, and a more ample reflection of these needs and desires may be found to-day in the cinema.

Here the spectator is spared the trouble of conjuring up for himself a visual image out of the written words, and he can become, with a minimum of mental effort, a participator in that drama, 'silent like a dream,' that is played out before him; and the drama is of his own choosing, for competition is keen and the producer is assiduous to supply the demand as perfectly as he can.

Naturally enough, the old type of melodrama is still popular, for it is reassuring to believe, even for an hour, that virtue in the end will be rewarded and vice suitably punished, and it may help a little to reconcile a man with the realities of a life in which these dramatic conventions do not seem to hold. If we are tempted to speculate upon the moral (or demoralizing) influence of the cinema, it is well to reckon with this aspect of its melodrama in which we can almost see a literal fulfillment, here and now, of the promise of the Beatitudes.

But all film plays are not colored by the high moral tone of the melodrama, for, on the other hand, we have the glorification of the successful criminal — a theme that has been popular since, to go no farther back, the days of Robin Hood or Dick Turpin. It has been said that every man is potentially a criminal, which is true in a way, since we begin life as pure egoists and our education consists to a great extent of a gradual subjugation of our personal desires to the interests of society; and, however philosophically we accept our citizenship, we still retain a trace of the primitive anarchism of the child. In the person of the criminal-hero, the spectator escapes from the reality of his own moral restrictions and, for a brief while, usually with superhuman luck and agility, triumphantly defies society; and having, as it were, worked off his anarchism, is more likely to return with greater patience to his old submission to law and order than be tempted to any grandiose acts of rebellion.

There are certain themes that recur in myths and legends in many parts of the world and are also found in the fantasies and daydreams of individuals, though, since they spring from a some-

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what deep level of the unconscious mind, they do not readily come to expression. Such a theme is found in the story of the hero, who is brought up in humble surroundings by foster-parents, coming into his rightful inheritance after he is grown up (*i.e.* Romulus, Siegfried, and so forth), and it corresponds to a fantasy frequently found in children, in which the real mother and father are pictured as foster-parents, while imaginary ones, usually far more exalted and indulgent, are imagined to take their place. This fantasy probably arises out of the idealization of the parents and the flight into daydream from disillusionment when the child comes to see his parents as ordinary human beings, after all.

This daydream finds its counterpart in many film dramas, where the hero turns out to be the heir to titles and fortune, wrongfully or ignorantly kept out of his heritage, and the spectator, living into the part of the hero, finds along the lines of his old daydreams some compensation for, even in a measure a fantastic explanation of, his own exclusion from the riches and power that people no better than himself possess.

A theme of similar, and perhaps identical origin, is that of the 'hero in disguise,' and Harun-al-Rashid, the mighty caliph wandering incognito in the streets of Bagdad, is the legendary figure nearest the modern type who appears in popular drama as a man regarded by his fellows as an ordinary or even negligible mortal, but who possesses some semimagical power, great wealth, or influence which he chooses to wield anonymously and in secret until the last act.

Such a fantasy, though doubtless it has a deeper origin, may serve as a fantastic explanation of the discrepancy between a man's own opinion of himself and that held by others; such a fantasy, when combined with great egoism, may exert a sinister influence on the character and may possibly play a part in the psychology of the poisoner who is sometimes discovered to have added to his list of victims with an apparently wanton inadequacy of motive.

It is in this rôle of the hero in disguise that George Borrow frequently drew himself in *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye* — books that were at first projected as autobiography but to which he gave at one time the significant subtitle of 'a dream,' a description that may perhaps explain some of their wide, but not obviously explicable, popularity. Borrow also illustrates another line of escape from reality, into the past and the exotic, a mode of reaction from the environment to which archæology and history are probably largely indebted.

But there was one way of escape of which Borrow, with all his maladjustment to life, could not or did not avail himself, and that was the way of humor, the attitude that throws down a kind of challenge to reality by denying, or rather leveling down, its values. Perhaps the most thoroughgoing humorist in this way was that fisherman in Stevenson's fable, *The Poor Thing*, 'bitter poor and bitter ugly,' with his formula 'that in my thought one thing is as good as another,' on the strength of which he tried to obtain the King's daughter in exchange for an old horseshoe that he had picked up in the road. The protective value of humor was very evident during the late war, and there was a fine courage in the attempt by combatants exposed to the worst horrors to treat them as a joke, and the attempt was often surprisingly successful. This leveling down of values seemed sometimes even to result in a truer perspective, for the

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'Hun' and 'Boche' of the newspapers and the home front became simple 'Fritz' and 'Jerry' in the closer acquaintanceship of the front line, since, as one of their own poets has said: —

Dort wo der Tod am meisten droht,
Dort ist nicht Hohn und ist nicht Hass.

(There where the threat of Death is greatest,
There is no room for hate or scorn.)

This tendency of humor to belittle the values of reality contains, as do all modes of escape, a slightly retrograde trend, for if sufficiently acutely developed it becomes not easily compatible with any very great enthusiasm or even activity, and it is perhaps significant that it does not find its most obvious expression in those younger nations who are at closest grip with reality. This tendency of humor leads up to a complete denial of the intrinsic value of reality, either by a philosophy or by an attitude of detachment from the 'insubstantial pageant' of the world.

But the flight from reality sometimes carries farther, making a goal of Nirvana, whether imagined as annihilation or as a compromise in 'stirless rest.' This ideal, at such cross-purpose with life, has been the theme of much beautiful poetry, usually addressed to death, though perhaps more nearly expressed by Walter de la Mare when he says: —

Somewhere there Nothing is; and there lost Man
Shall win what changeless vague of peace he can.

For, pessimistic though it may seem, it is probably not identical with a wish for death, since, when we come to examine it in the psychology of the individual, we seem to find it expressed as an unconscious wish to go back again to the beginning —

Before the birth of consciousness
When all went well —

rather than as a desire to make an end of life. So that there is a deep truth in that apparent paradox of Buddha's teaching that the way to Nirvana lies through life and not through death.

It is more especially the thinking type, the 'tender-minded' type of William James, who has the inclination and the power thus to escape from reality, but there are indications that at least among the Western races the thinking type is becoming more common. The old symbols of authority and religion are no longer unquestionably accepted, but at the same time no new guiding lines have been found to take their place. There seems to be a general reconsideration of values and a profound disquieting psychological unrest.

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THE MISFORTUNES OF CORNELIS DE CRETZER

BY E. E. MOSSOP

[*The Owl Club of Capetown, South Africa, last year brought out the first volume of their annual,* The Waste Paper Basket. *The story which we reprint here is based on a seventeenth-century episode in Capetown history.*

Secunde Cornelis de Cretzer, a young man of excellent character, held high office under Commander Pieter Hackius in the Cape Government, and was deservedly popular among the burghers. On the tenth of April, 1671, *he had the misfortune to kill at a banquet the drunken captain of an Indiaman whom, together with an emissary of the French Government, it had fallen to his duty (Commander Hackius being a confirmed invalid) to entertain at dinner. It was the act of a moment of passion, but its penalty was lifelong. After remaining concealed for some time in the settlement, — the burghers conniving at this and his citation before the court of justice being merely formal, — he escaped to Amsterdam, was acquitted and reinstated by the Directors, and embarked on his return journey to the Cape.*

But the ship was captured by a Moorish corsair and the last that is known of De Cretzer is that he was sold as a slave in Algiers. The subjoined story begins with the banquet in Capetown and is told by De Cretzer himself.]

From the *Waste Paper Basket of the Owl Club,* 1921
(CAPETOWN ANNUAL)

THE Frenchman's half-insolent drawl continued monotonously, but I held myself silent, for the time to speak was not yet. De la Haye was to return then to the Baay de Saldanah. Louis of France was of a mind to hold the Cape Settlement and Commander Hackius, the invalid, not the man to prevent him.

'The wine is of the Steenberg, behind the mountain, Monsieur,' I said, politely, as I poured him his measure and neither he nor the half-drunken Kaptyn van Loon saw that my hand trembled for the rage which filled my heart.

'A vintage to become famous in Europe, Mijnheer Secunde,' he returned, bowing, and the monotonous drawl continued. My thoughts traveled over the events of the past years to bring no little censure for my blindness. De Mondevergue's venture to Madagascar had proved a dismal failure and the French king looked again for a rest place for the ships of his new Company. This becurled and scented monsieur, who had the Commander's ear and the entrée to the best houses of the Settlement, had landed from De Mondevergue's fleet, and Mijnheer van Loon, trusted sea-captain of the Company, had been friend to Pierre Caron, renegade and traitor to the States-General, bought by a French king's money for this new toy company of France; also Van Loon had assisted De la Haye in the survey of the Baay de Saldanah.

The pieces fell together to complete the design, as did the parts of a picture puzzle I played with when a child, and I waited for fresh treason.

'It is for September, Mijnheer, before the coming of the northwest gales; the fleet anchors in the Baay de Saldanah and lands four thousand troops. The fort and town will be occupied before the arrival of the Batavian ships, and a man of parts may climb to high honor under Louis, my master and king, Mijnheer de Cretzer.'

The drooping eyelids of Monsieur de Lanoy hid the watchful eyes that gleamed bright under the wax candles

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that lighted my supper table; behind my high-backed chair I heard the steady ticking of the great clock my father had brought first from Holland and later from Batavia. He had been that De Cretzer who had for so long served the Company and had left me little besides the clock and a name for good service among their Excellencies of the Council of Seventeen. It had been by my unaided effort and faithful labor that I had risen in the Company's service in this far southern land of my birth, clerk to the Council, secretary, fiscal, secunde — it was no far step to the Commandership, and of late I had noticed the burghers and freemen touched hats politely when I passed and spoke less loudly in my presence.

I had dreamed strange dreams, too, since that day five years ago when, with Corporal Hieronymus Cruse, I had journeyed through the country of the Gouriquas and from the banks of that great river had seen the fertile lands beyond — dreams of a great province stocked by a free people of Europe, men and traders of a free country. A country to be guided and moulded lovingly by him who was wise enough to guide it. I remembered that soon after my return from Leyden and its university, I had bathed one hot summer's day from a sandy cove of the Baay Falso, and coming in from the white-crested breakers I had been softly rolled by gentle swells on to the white sands. I lay half in, half out, the waters of this warm sea; above me the blue sky had blended with the giant peaks of lofty mountains which rose in rugged grandeur from the wind-scarred rocks that lined the shore. Leyden lectures brought to mind the tale of the returning Greek who, stepping shoreward, had knelt and kissed his mother earth, and I pressed my lips to the white sea-sand, murmuring thanks to God for this my sun-kissed heritage.

How should this thin-lipped foreigner know the love this southland stirs in the pulses of her sons? It was but a pawn in the game his king played, and as for Mijnheer Kaptyn van Loon, he loved gulden and good wine only.

Once upon the wharves of Hellevoetsluis I watched two English seamen fight; they struck after the manner of the English with the hand close-fisted, murmuring strange oaths, and they aimed for the point of the chin. I would that I had learned this trick of fight that the blow might hurt, and monsieur's chin invited — but, after all, the men were my guests, official guests, since I played the host on behalf of his Excellency the Commander — and the Company was jealous of its name for hospitality. It must be done otherwise, and so I smiled into the heavy-lidded eyes of monsieur.

It was the kaptyn who broke the long silence: 'Your voice is of weight in the Council of Policy, De Cretzer, and Gerrit van Blom is with us.'

So I learned that Annette's father was a traitor to the States-General of the United Netherlands. Monsieur was ever in his home, and Mijnheer Gerrit, who had administered to me the oath on filling the Secundes office, had smiled no longer on my suit to Annette after the coming of monsieur. Blind fool that I had been, I wondered who else among my fellows of the Council had sipped this poisoned cup of France.

De Lanoy leaned back in his chair as one who waited, and I smiled across the table at him. The time had come for speech.

'It seems, Monsieur, this country is too small for us,' I said quietly.

There was uncertainty in his tone, but he replied politely, waving his hand toward the north, 'A vast country, Mijnheer, but fit only for bosjesmans and boors,' and he sipped his wine delicately.

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'Monsieur mistakes, it is too small for monsieur and me,' I said.

'To-morrow —' he commenced.

'For one of us there is no to-morrow, Monsieur,' I replied, but in this, though I knew it not, I lied.

It was the kaptyn who took my meaning first; mayhap he knew me better or had suspected my silence from the first. I had been foolish to think him more drunk than usual. 'By God, De Lanoy,' he cried, 'he knows too much for safety.' He had drawn as he rose, his stool dropping backward; murder was in his eyes, and his thrust scored the leathern back of my now empty chair. My quarrel was with monsieur, but the kaptyn was insistent and I gave him the point short where the neck curves outward to the shoulder.

I minded me my fencing master of Maestrecht had called this the thrust of 'The Gurgle,' for properly delivered it takes both the great vein and the windpipe, and Corporal Cruse had shown me the way of it many evenings beneath the walls of the fort where the sea sand is hard underfoot.

Here was dainty work for a man who had for long guided the homely happenings of an infant settlement for an invalid commander, and I waited gaily for the onset of monsieur. The Frenchman's chair was empty; he stood, his sword undrawn, at the half-opened door; his thin lips bared white teeth in a smile that was malicious, and triumph gleamed from between the narrow lids. 'It is an evil thing to kill a drunken guest, and the Company likes not brawlers,' he said softly, and was gone.

The night was hot and close, as it ever is after the southeast monsoon, and though 't was April the wind had scoured the town that day. The casement windows of my apartments in the Zeestraat looked toward the sea, where I could see riding at anchor on the still waters of the Tafelbaay the Indiaman whose captain would return no more. His choking breath-sounds drowned the clock and held quick measure with my thoughts as I saw the black pass that I was come to.

The trick was obvious; to have killed a table guest meant death or at least disgrace, and I had no proofs of treason. De Lanoy had the Commander's ear and my fellows of the Council a wintry smile for such a tale as mine. White rage for the Frenchman filled me, but I felt naught but pity for this drink-sodden puppet who loved good gold before his duty. I thought he breathed something the easier for the untying of his blood-soaked lace cravat, and called on him by name. 'Van Loon, Van Loon, can I do aught to ease you?' His opening eyes looked at me as from a distance and I read therein no sign of hate but only strange warning for myself. 'Beware the Moors, De Cretzer. Beware the Moors,' he gasped, and died.

What is it that those who die are given to see in the time of passing? I had heard this warning to beware of the Moors before. Long ago, as a little child of seven, I had played with Annette beneath the young apple trees of the Van Blom farm on the Wynberg behind the mountain. Gerrit van Blom had but small holding then and had not yet risen to affluence in the Company's service. I had played the gallant knight and defended my lady with my wooden sword from the attack of the Hottentot serving-maid, Oude Meidje, who wished to carry my distressed fair one indoors. Oude Meidje had been almost old when Little Thornback had come and, though Van Riebeek had seen her baptized, she still prayed to the Hottentot god and had the gift to foretell strange things. My gentle mother and Mevrouw van Blom had sat beneath the trellised vines and viewed their offspring proudly. 'It is a brave little man,' Mevrouw

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van Blom had said, 'and should one day make our Annette happy.' Oude Meidje had tilted up my chin and gazed at me long before she spoke, 'He has sad eyes, mistress, and should be a great one in the land if the Blackamoors allowed it,' and though my mother pressed her she would say no more.

But here was man's work waiting and the occasion found me dreaming.

The lights of the Siekenhuis burned brightly and so I went by way of the Burgstraat and, turning to the left, entered the Thuynstraat which limits the Company's garden. The open space where the church was to be built was unoccupied and no sound came from the locked and guarded Slavenbuys. Here on this side the garden and toward the slopes of the mountain were springing up the houses of the wealthier burghers, each surrounded by its orchard. The best of these was of Mijnheer Gerrit van Blom.

The hour was late; the homestead hushed in darkness. I knew my love lay sleeping there and got some comfort from the thought; but I had wished to see my father's old friend Gerrit before I spoke with Hackius, and I turned sadly toward the new fort.

I had not taken count of the Frenchman's cunning, for one came running in my direction who proved to be my friend, the Sieur Hendrick Crudop. 'Crudop,' I called, 'I must see his Excellency immediately; I bring him such a tale of treachery as — ' He looked at me strangely as he interrupted, 'I, too, have already heard a tale of strange treachery and toward a guest this night, Mijnheer. Monsieur de Lanoy has roused Hackius from his sick bed; his Excellency has summoned Van Blom, the President of the Justice Council, and others of the Council; I am sent to Van Breitenbach with orders that he arrest you for the murder of a faithful servant of the Company.'

'Treachery? Rather I should have said treason, Crudop,' I replied. 'This man is Louis's spy; there is to be an attempt to seize the Settlement. It is all hatched, and some of our friends of the Council have been toying with this project. Van Loon and — ' I ceased lamely, for how should I bring Annette's father to shame. He spoke soothingly, his hand upon my shoulder; I could see he thought badly of my plight or that I was distraught. 'All this shall be inquired into, De Cretzer, but go not to the fort to-night. Hackius is raging at this insult to his guest and is in no mood to reason. I, as secretary to the Council, must convey this message to Van Breitenbach, but count me your friend. Meanwhile go you and hide, for this turmoil will blow over and your friends will work for you.'

I have but a confused recollection of the days of hiding and anxiety which followed. Throughout I remained in various houses in the town and took my exercise after nightfall. Lieutenant Coonraad van Breitenbach, new come to the settlement and but the friend of a month, saw to it that the soldiers searched each house in turn only after I had left it. Many to whom, in the days of prosperity, I had given no thought now showed me kindness. Of all, Corporal Cruse helped me most and to him I owe it that the citation to appear before the Justice Council never reached me. The rumor was abroad that I had fled and was in hiding beyond the Hottentot Holland, and though twice I might have taken ship, I waited, for I had business with monsieur.

De Lanoy was ever at the Commander's elbow and had the freedom of my love's home; Hackius would see me only as a prisoner and smelled treason in all who spoke for me, and during those days the bitterness of loneliness sank deep into my soul.

It was not until the night of my de-

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parture and of the Commander's ball that I saw my love. His Excellency held high entertainment to celebrate his return to health, and to honor the betrothal of Juffrouw Annette van Blom and Monsieur de Lanoy. A myriad lights made bright the banqueting-hall and the environs of the fort, when by friendly service of Lieutenant Johannis Coon, the corporal, and others, I waited long in the secluded corner at the foot of the great stairs. Doubtless I made a sorry picture with my haggard face and ill-kept clothes, but there was no fear in my love's face when she came toward me. For years my coquette Annette had teased and charmed me; it had ever been a smile to-day and a frown to-morrow with her. Here was no coquette, but only love distressed and sweet anxiety for the loved one.

'Cornelis,' she said, and I took her in my arms, 'dear love, it is death for you to be found here.'

'Annette, Annette,' I cried and held her close, 'I must go this night, but I will return to you; wait for me, Annette.'

She sealed her promise with her kiss as the laughter and voices of the descending ladies came to us from above. It would be soon the hour for dancing, but the gentlemen were still at their wine in the hall. My love waved me her adieux as she ascended to her friends, and it was while I gazed longingly after her that I felt in my hand the missive she had pressed therein. I shall keep it till I die.

But I was for monsieur.

He had sat on the Commander's right hand that night and now stood in the place of honor, his glass held high above his handsome head. Familiar faces lined the board. It was his hour of triumph, and since all eyes were turned upon him, none saw me as I entered and stood behind him in the shadows; or, if any saw, they were my friends and held their peace.

'I toast you, gentlemen,' he cried, 'the fairest maiden in the settlement — the beauteous Annette van Blom.'

He had not drunk the toast nor had the company risen ere I touched him on the shoulder and my voice seemed not mine own. 'Draw quickly, Monsieur, for it is to-morrow, and you drink toasts no more.'

I give him credit for his quickness, for he had drawn ere he had turned.

He drawled: 'Mijnheer de Cretzer wishes to die young.'

He fought after the Italian fashion, with the arm held high, the point depressed, and I read surprise in his eyes as it came to him that I, too, was learned in this school of fence. I do not know when he found he was to die, for he gave no sign of fear when he learned that he had met his master in this art. And so my rapier found and searched his heart.

I think my friends kept others from pressing me, and none offered to molest me as I passed out. The corporal was waiting with my horse and spurred with me hotfoot through the night. We rode around the mountain and, crossing the Nek of Constantia, descended the long valley which leads to the Bay of Woods, where the good ship Grundel awaited my coming.

The flat top of Tafelberg has dipped this many days below the line of the sea to the south, and often I draw from my breast Annette's letter and read: 'Beloved, my heart is like to break and I think of you daily. The good corporal tells me you are grown very thin. My father would force me to this French monsieur who is always here and whose eyes make me shudder. They say you are in the pay of France and would betray the Settlement to Louis, but I know they lie. Do you get enough to eat? I love you, Cornelis, and will have

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none but you. Do you remember the tale of Holland our mothers told us, of the man who slept and awakened after a hundred years to find his friends all dead? I dreamed the like had befallen me, Cornelis, and that twenty years had passed. I saw you toiling with other Christians in the sun and guarded by black-bearded men who plied their whips and called you "dogs," and I sat on the stoep of the old farm looking so plain and wan and old, Cornelis, waiting for you, and you came not. O love, come soon, come soon to thy Annette.'

Well, the Frenchman's eyes will frighten Annette no more and I go to plead my cause before the Council at Amsterdam. What should black-bearded slavers have to do with Cornelis de Cretzer, Secunde of the Settlement of the Cape?

Surely, surely I will return — I must return, in honor, to my southern land — and to Annette.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

BY PROMETHEUS

From the *English Review, July*
(LIBERAL MONTHLY)

'O! like a rose-wing'd pelican
She hath bred blessèd babes to Pan!'
— *The Wizard Way.*

IN a story by Lord Dunsany, Fame says to the poet, 'I will meet you in the graveyard at the back of the Workhouse in a hundred years.' If Shelley has been more fortunate — though it hardly matters to him! — it is not on account of his poetry, which passed as readable even among his contemporary detractors, but of his prophetic gift and the moral wizardry which gave its spirit a body, in face of those qualities which made serious people consider seriously that in him *Diabolus incarnatus est, et homo factus est.*

It seems at first sight astounding that Shelley was sent down from Oxford for theological views which are accepted to-day by the youngest average undergraduate with scarce a mumbled protest from the oldest average don; that he should have been robbed of his children on account of a moral attitude which modern children themselves find reactionary rather than advanced; and that he should have been practically exiled from England because of political notions which the most case-hardened Tory of to-day would hardly dare to whisper in the gloom of his club.

The truth is that the 'Sun-treader' (as Browning calls him in *Pauline*) happened to be on the crest of a true dawn. The world, save for sporadic outbreaks of Bourbon *folie des grandeurs*, has rolled steadily toward that slight, shrill angel figure in the east. The poetry of Shelley hardly matters, in a sense, by comparison with his ethical ideals. He was the voice of the *Zeitgeist*, and it is relatively unimpor-

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tant that it should have been, to English ears, so matchlessly musical.

Many of the best judges of poetry prefer Keats to Shelley; but the verdict implies purism. A poet is one who 'makes' or 'does' things, and Keats was preoccupied with eternal 'Truth-Beauty' — to coin a term like the 'Space-Time' of Einstein — of a far less potent and intricate quality.

In Egyptian lore, Tahuti, the god of language, is also the god of wisdom and of creative thought; the word 'gramareye' (dear to Sir Walter Scott) is indeed, like the French word *grimoire*, etymologically equivalent to 'grammar.' Poets must not be ranked by their lyrical exaltation any more than by their technical ability; wisdom is justified of her children, and a poet of his!

The children of Keats are people like Rossetti, Walter Pater, Oscar Wilde, whose eyes were fixed sadly and languorously on the sunset of things.

But the spilth of Shelley's seed flooded foreign and innumerable fields: James Thomson, Swinburne, and other poets of revolution and passion are only a minor branch of his great family. The reformers, the humanitarians, the feminists, the transcendentalists, from Bradlaugh and Huxley to Nietzsche and Anna Kingsford, were all suckled on that pale gold wine of Dionysus which issued from his martyred veins. The young lady was within her rights when she asked 'What are Keats?' and if she was a wise child she knew her own father to be Shelley.

Keats remains perfect and imperishable like his own Greek vase; he is the chief treasure of the Museum of Humanity; but Shelley is the High Priest of the Temple of Spiritual Progress, the Prophet of the Most High God of Freedom, and the King of the Republic of 'gentleness, wisdom, virtue, and endurance.'

He is dynamic as Keats is static; and the nature of the Universe is Becoming rather than Being. The nineteenth century stripped the gilded rags of religion from the mummy of existence, and found a crumbling corpse, but the twentieth sees that dust dissolve into a glittering film of motion and light.

Modern physical and mathematical research are making it clearer every day that the structure of matter is indeed that subtle spiritual vibration which Shelley perceived it to be. By a parallel argument, man himself is no longer conceived as a fixed quantity established in a world six thousand years old, and subject to a single law. He is an immutable Essence indeed, perhaps, in some ultimate spiritual sense, but his manifestation is mutable; his sensible form is a vehicle of Energy surging in infinite variety against the shores of experience. Shelley speaks of an immanent Spirit of the Universe, and is sufficiently a Pantheist to have identified himself, or any other existing thing, with that Spirit, had he been challenged directly on the point by, let us say, Mr. Eddington or Mr. Bertrand Russell.

If Shelley is not always explicitly in line with the latest mathematico-mystical thinkers, it is because the world was so far behind his intuitive perception of truth that there was no intellectual instrument capable of registering his vibrations, except possibly the ambiguous jargon of the school of Fludd. But he everywhere implies, more by the sheer form and tone of his verses than by their rational meaning, that existence is an unconditioned Unity (or Nihil), which has invented infinite modes of phantasmal and illusory duality for the purpose of becoming conscious of itself. It is not necessary for an animal to use our arbitrary language to express its feelings intel-

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ligibly; and, in point of fact, poets who have made the attempt to explain their spiritual consciousness in terms of philosophy have obscured their light rather than made it manifest.

Blake is a notable example of this circumstance. We learn more of the essence of his soul-structure from *Tiger, Tiger*, *The Crystal Cabinet*, or *The Mental Traveler* than we do from his professedly 'prophetic' books. The English language, as understood by scholars and developed by them, is an instrument of doubtful value to the poet. The soul of man lurks rather in the lilt of a lyric than in the most imposing *lavallière* that glitters on the velvet of the shop-window of literary effort.

Now Shelley was saturated with the spirit of the planet in its subtlest and strongest distillation; and that spirit overflowed into song. He possessed the utter simplicity and self-confidence of an immortal; if our ears are attuned to his thought, we can catch the choral rapture as it swings with the stars through the centuries. But his conscious efforts to express his essential idea are relatively lame.

Identical phenomena occur in every connection; and this is the ultimate reason for the apparent failure of the poet to maintain his hold on our hearts as we reach an age when our spirits are less sensitive to subtle and subconscious stress. Mr. Augustine Birrell remarks that Browning in later life lost his enthusiasm for this 'strange and unaccountable being.' We are not all, fortunately, so middle-class and middle-aged as either of these gentlemen; but, even so, it is hard to read Shelley with enjoyment after one has turned forty. The reason, however, is this: one either has or has not assimilated the Unconscious of the poet in one's youth; in the one case the verse seems a mere husk, while in the other it screams the doom of spiritual death. The damned detest him, therefore, and the redeemed can only find pleasure in remembering the raptures which wrought the white-hot steel of their youth into the shapes of royalty and righteousness.

It is in the nature of things that even the greatest intellectual attempts to grapple with any given problem appear ill-adjusted in after years; for the thought has been frozen into crystalline beauty, while the problem has changed with the succession of suns. It is always an error for an artist to abdicate his throne in eternity in order to enter the lists of temporal things: *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Few people, even among philosophers, seem to understand that eternity differs in quality from time. It is commonly supposed to be a mere unlimited extension thereof. Yet the consideration that time is but one of the conditions of dualistic consciousness ought to make the true aspect of the matter immediately apparent.

It is the prerogative of men like Shelley to think in terms of the absolute, which is out of all relation with the measurable, and not to be obtained therefrom by removing the landmarks, any more than one can make Beauty by effacing the marks on a steelyard, or prolonging the lever indefinitely. When, therefore, Shelley says

> Next came Fraud, and he had on,
> Like Eldon, an ermined gown,

he risks his intelligibility only in a slightly less degree than Mr. Frankau in *One of Us*, or the ephemeral leader-writer of this Île des Diurnales. Eldon is already for us merely a judge who happened to annoy Shelley. It has already become difficult to identify the mourners for *Adonais*, immortals though they be. And Shelley was preëminently the 'Sun-treader' — he should have remembered Phaëton.

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Much, however, of this defect of Shelley is inseparable from his supreme quality as a technician. He was the first to realize the rhythmical power of the intonation of the English language, to see in it an armory of striking and stabbing weapons. Shakespeare, with all his vigorous rhetoric, never understood the possibilities of pure form to play upon the passions; he trusted to the rational meaning of the words themselves. Milton made but a slight advance in this respect. Samuel Butler forged a hammer of the rhythm of *Hudibras;* but the stroke does not vary. Some of Shelley's contemporaries made the way plain for him by introducing freedom of metre; but none of them, not even Byron, was able to consummate the marriage of poetry and music. The result of the alliance was to unite the intellectual and emotional power of words with the direct spiritual action on the nerves which even the West African drum or the Papuan bull-roarer can exercise.

It is not too much to say, therefore, that Shelley was to the Revolutionary Epoch what Shakespeare was to the Renaissance. He created, in fact, a new heaven and a new earth of language. The perfection of Keats, the sublimity of Blake, the simplicity of Wordsworth, the mystery of Coleridge, the independence of Byron: these are feathers in the scale against the sword of Shelley. For language is the word which 'was with God,' and 'was God'; it is the most intimate sheath of the soul, its first and simplest expression. The creation of a new language is therefore a stupendously significant event in the history of a planet, as important as the invention of the wheel, or the discovery of a fundamental principle in Nature. The influence of Shakespeare and the Bible is due not to their contents, or even their style, but to their having conferred upon the English people a new intellectual instrument.

We are not yet at a sufficient distance from Shelley to estimate the real effect of his work. We are apt to be misled; we observe the triumph of many of his ideas, and associate that phenomenon with his success. The truth lies much deeper. Such questions as atheism are really of transitory importance; the tides of human opinion sway with the moon of popular favor, and (to a less degree) with the sun of the enlightenment of the ruling classes. But the advance in the development of the larynx marks off definitely man from monkey, and the perfecting of the weapon of speech by Shelley made the essential difference between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in England. The issue is masked for the moment by the press. The English language is fallen into disrepute and impotence. But the wood-pulp period of brain and paper will soon pass. Unless England is destroyed altogether by the vermin that are gnawing at her entrails, unless the speech of the greatest minds on earth since the fall of Rome is rotted through by the cancer of senseless slang and alien abominations, Shelley's weapon, will wing its way through the centuries, and enable mind to inform mind by virtue of subtle cadences, harmonies, and hammer-strokes.

That is, above all, the problem of the day, now that the 'hard facts' of materialism are thawing into a gossamer dew. It is becoming impossible to write sober science in prose; the subtleties of Nature demand rhythm to respond to, and to record, their own. By Wisdom, that is, by the Word, He created the worlds; and the Wonder-World of to-day has been created by the Word of the Winged Serpent, whom the men of his own day took to be Satan, him whose centenary we celebrate under his pseudonym of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

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SHELLEY'S SWAN SONG

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

From the *Times, July* 6
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

DROWNED at thirty, just a hundred years ago, Shelley had the lot in death which he had desired (and once, if not twice, sought) and, as it appears, no desire left in him for life. A day before the end — on Sunday, July 7 — he had said to Mrs. Leigh Hunt, 'If I die tomorrow, I have lived to be older than my father: I am ninety years of age.'

Not long before that, Trelawny, hunting for him in the Pineta of Pisa, was guided by a contadino 'to a hat, books, and loose papers lying about, and then to a pool of dark, glimmering water.' '*Eccolo*,' said the peasant, and 'I thought,' Trelawny goes on, 'he meant that Shelley was in or under the water.' He had reason to think it possible.

The ensuing conversation, colored though it may be by the narrator's lively fancy, does not read like mere fiction. Shelley's mood at the time was one of dejection; the sense of the words put into his mouth can be found in his letters and verses. 'The river flows by like Time, and all the sounds of Nature harmonize; they soothe: it is only the human animal that is discordant with Nature, and disturbs me. It is difficult to conceive why or for what purpose we are here, a perpetual torment to ourselves and to every living thing. . . .' Then he said, 'Listen to the solemn music in the pine-tops — don't you hear the mournful murmurings of the sea? . . . Their chorus is the eternal wailing of wretched men.'

When Trelawny here reminded him of the present wailing of Mary, whom he had left at the edge of the wood, he 'started up, snatched up his scattered books and papers, thrust them into his hat and jacket-pockets, sighing, "Poor Mary! hers is a sad fate. Come along; she can't bear solitude, nor I society — the quick coupled with the dead."' The whole record of those last few days of his on earth suggests that the 'will to live' was not in him; that he had 'o'erinformed the tenement of clay,' burned himself out; and that, on the verge of a new emotional crisis, he did not feel that he had vitality enough left in him to carry it through. Trelawny says: —

> The day I found Shelley in the pine-forest, he was writing verses on a guitar. I picked up a fragment, but could only make out the first two lines.
>
> Ariel to Miranda: Take
> This slave of music . . .
>
> It was a frightful scrawl.

Shelley, in fact, was in a suicidal mood, prompted to it, it seems, very much by despair. Miranda was Jane Williams, whose Ferdinand was then in being. On June 18, this poor Ariel had written to Trelawny at Leghorn: —

> You, of course, enter into society at Leghorn; should you meet with any scientific person, capable of preparing the Prussic Acid, or essential oil of bitter almonds, I should regard it as a great kindness if you could procure me a small quantity. . . . I would give any price for this medicine; you remember we talked of it the other night. . . . I need not tell you I have no intention of suicide at present, but I confess it would be a comfort to me to hold in my

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possession that golden key to the chamber of perpetual rest.

Link to that letter, in order to understand it fully, his adventure with Jane Williams and her children in a skiff. He had rowed her out into deep water, there laid by the oars, and fallen into a brooding stare. 'She had made several remarks, but they met with no response. She saw death in his eyes. Suddenly he raised his head, his brow cleared, and his face brightened as with a bright thought, and he exclaimed joyfully, "Now let us together solve the great mystery." He did in fact let them all into the water, but Jane had inveigled him before that into the shallows. It must have been a near thing, and should have shown her what she was playing with. But if he was incurable, so doubtless was she.'

All these signals point to danger, and to one danger. Shelley was at the opening of a new emotional experience. Remembering its many forerunners, he may well have despaired. The last two of his letters in Mr. Inkpen's collection are dated July 4, from Pisa. The first is to Jane Williams. He is urging Williams, he says, to sail with the first fair wind without waiting for himself: —

> I have thus the pleasure of contributing to your happiness when deprived of every other, and of leaving you no other subject of regret but the absence of one scarcely worth regretting. I fear you are solitary and melancholy at Villa Magni, and, in the intervals of the greater and more serious distress in which I am compelled to sympathize here, I figure to myself the countenance which had been the source of such consolation to me, shadowed by a veil of sorrow. How soon those hours passed, and how slowly they return, to pass so soon again, perhaps forever, in which we have lived so intimately, so happily! Adieu, my dearest friend! I only write these lines for the pleasure of tracing what will meet your eyes. Mary will tell you all the news.

The second letter, to Mary, is precisely a letter of news. Shelley was incurable, knew it, and despaired. Atropos had the thread in her fingers; I suppose he had glimpsed the shears.

It is curious that his last considerable poem, like Keats's, should be tinged with Dante's strong wine. But while the revised *Hyperion* is colored with the manner of the *Inferno*, *The Triumph of Life* has much more of its spirit. That rueful moralizing upon the vanity of things done under the sun reads strangely in a poet who had lived so entirely in the future; a future, no doubt, unsupported by any dogma but what youth and hope could supply; scornful, indeed, of dogma, and as radiant a mirage as that youth itself had been. He had written in dejection more than once, but never like this. *The Triumph of Life*, which is equally that of Death, is a vision of disillusion. Who sat in the chariot which came 'on the silent storm of its own rushing splendor?'

> A Shape
> So sate within, as one whom years deform,
> Beneath a dusky hood and double cape,
> Crouching within the shadow of a tomb.

Yoked to it the great men of that day and before it pass in a horde, 'a captive multitude': Plato, Rousseau, Bacon, Voltaire, confusedly with 'Frederic and Paul, Catherine and Leopold,' and other such. He sees them go, and

> 'Let them pass,'
> I cried, 'the world and its mysterious doom
> Is not so much more glorious than it was
> That I desire to worship those who drew
> New figures on its false and fragile glass
> As the old faded.'

He joins the throng of captives, is stayed by no accident of the road, crosses the glen through which they surge, and behold: —

> The grove
> Grew dense with shadows to its inmost covers,
> The Earth was gray with phantoms, and the air
> Was peopled with dim forms. . . .

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He watches them closely, sees how some melt into nothingness like snowflakes, others dance like gnats in a cloud, some sit chattering 'like restless apes,' some, 'more humble,' like falcons on the fist. The closer he looks the grayer his outlook: youth, hope, love itself, pride, strength: —

> From every form the beauty slowly waned;
> From every firmest limb and fairest face
> The strength and freshness fell like dust, and left
> The action and the shape without the grace
> Of life. . . .

The darkness gathered, the restless shapes wearied of their ghastly dance,

> And fell, as I have fallen, by the wayside. . . .

He ends upon a cry of amaze, a wound-note :—

> 'Then, what is life?' I cried. . . .

Said I not well it was his swan song? It is tragic reading, tainted and dusty with death.

There is no philosophy behind this poem; it is not written on a large scale. It is a fragment, and must have remained so; for Shelley's buoyancy, which alone had sufficed so far to answer his questionings, was gone. With Ariel's power of the wing was gone, too, Ariel's office. 'Call no man happy till he is dead.' No indeed, when he is the slave of his temperament.

THE INSPIRED BUSMAN

BY ELINOR MORDAUNT

From the *Saturday Review*
(ENGLISH TORY WEEKLY)

THE Roman Road was up, just past Pigtail. It was not yet dark, nowhere near dark: just gray, a queer gray which showed the houses flat, as though cut out of gray velvet, the people in the streets oddly flattened out, gray people, anyhow: women like flittermice, down-at-heel, with no time to pull their stockings tight; men who lounged, lolloping along, their pipes in their mouths, squaring their shoulders to push their way through the crowd.

Oh, no, not dark; by no manner of means dark — just that gray which is nothing to look at, and yet the very deuce to look *through*, in a strange place where the cross-streets seem to dart out at you as if to frighten you into going on, dare you to turn.

The red lamps across the disemboweled roadway shone like eyes, exotic and altogether alien, unlike West Ham: 'Tiger, tiger, burning bright' sort of eyes.

The bus-driver was new to the route; to the work, too, by the look of him: buccaneerish, with small sparkling black eyes and what seemed like more teeth than most people, very white in a lean, brown face. He handled his bus as though she had been a three-decker. No, no, better than that, a pirate prow, a pirate of the Orient Seas.

The fat passengers had the best of it, wedged tight, tired round like bicycle-wheels; by the time the thin ones got to the end of their journey — a long way off, as yet — they'd no skin left on

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their elbows: not much loss, either, for no one wanted to look at them — you know the elbows of a thin woman, all knobbly skin and bone like a dak-bungalow fowl.

There was only one man among them all, and he was full of beer and mild oblivion.

The conductor, a bleached earwig of a man — teetotaler from Mucking — was scared out of his wits; first at the way the driver drove, then at the fashion in which he appeared to caress his bus, somewhere about her frontal bone so that she stood bolt upright on her tail — have you ever seen a lobster do that? you can mesmerize a lobster precisely in this way, keep it standing, rampant, regardant — and swung her round a corner only just in time, her nose well up against the barricade, the lustful lamps.

They ought to have turned off two streets back; that was the orthodox way, now that the road was up. The conductor had leaned dangerously far out over the top of his bus to shriek this information to the driver, who, with his boot-button eyes fixed, all his white teeth bared, his face pulled a little to the right side, showing one long furrow in his brown cheek, his cap rakishly over the right ear, went on his way as though deaf and blind to all apart from his own maniacal dream; for even when his assistant went inside, opened the little window at the back of his head and screamed into his ear, he still took no notice whatsoever, though the conductor swore to having seen his ears shake with the wind of his shrieking.

Having wheeled to the right, so sharply that the passengers found themselves bunched together like sausages — while one baby flew from the arms of a woman on the outside and landed in the corner lamp, happily already broken and still unlighted, so that it lodged there neat as a snail in its shell — the driver sped upon his own way, nor' by nor'east, regardless of all else.

No fresh passengers joined the bus — but then, how could they? Two or three dismounted, but this was by an involuntary movement; they had got up, thinking that they might stop the new Rake's Progress by ringing the bell — the idea of it! — by ringing the bell! — and stop that bus, as it was being driven by that driver, with the mere sound of a bell! — and were left behind hung in mid-air until the road rose up and joined them.

'Let 'im go — oh, let 'im go! By all manner o' means, let 'im go,' murmured the fat man ecstatically. One of the lost passengers had been sitting next to him, and he swelled a little more, settling down with a sigh of contentment, like a man with a double bed to himself.

'Tea.' One word uttered with a sniff by a woman who looked like a-drop-of-summat-else-in-it sorter body, so to speak.

Just that one word, but it touched them all. The conductor leaned over the front of the bus once more: strained out over it — strained so that he was never altogether the same man again — was sent to Guy's and short-circuited by Sir —— shrieking 'Stop!' — they all shrieked 'Stop!' One old lady inside stood up, got her umbrella out through the little window at the back of the driver and poked the man in the back.

He turned and winked at her, but he did not stop, did not even slacken his speed, not for a moment.

'Let 'im go,' said the fat man, 'let 'im go ter —' He mentioned a place without a bus route, actually without a bus route! And *that* will show you. Oh, benighted — no other word for it! 'Let 'im go,' he said; and then added, very softly: 'I was married yesterday.'

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Go he did: roaring through Havering-atte-Bower, and so on to America — oh, don't talk to me, you make me tired; no one of any education can imagine that there is only one America — past Soap Ho, Copyhold, Nine Ashes, Spurries: through Shallow Bowells, Chignall Smealy, and Cobblers' Green.

'Supper — u-u-u-ugh!' It was the same woman who had said 'Tea,' and they all groaned; a little artificially, though: they did n't want supper, were beginning to feel lulled like babes in their cradles; beginning to think of all the things they had left behind them, husbands and such like, with a certain sense of comfort, freedom; for there are few situations without some saving quality. Apart from that, only think what they were getting for their money — above all, the ones with the penny ticket.

The surface of the country rose; the air freshened. The gray was changed to a deep indigo-blue, extraordinarily translucent and bathed in light, as though the evening had gone out of half-mourning.

The street-lamps — and what happened to the one with the baby in it no one knows; the mother herself kept quiet about it; bore her grief bravely, for the creature was one of a pair of exceptionally fretful twins, and no one could blame anyone in particular; besides, there was the insurance and, after all, one baby at a time is enough for anyone — too many for most. What was I saying? — there is something about the very memory of that bus that has got me into the way of taking wrong turns — oh, I know.

The lights shot out one by one, as though the night flicked them off the point of her thumb; while first the barrows along the sides of the pavement, then the shops and finally the houses — houses in solid rows, jammed-up masses of houses, workmen's dwellings, public-houses, churches — became smaller and scarcer and more box-like, interspersed with irregular, left-over scraps of land, showing a few gaunt cabbage-stalks, as though there had been some faint idea of agriculture; giving way to one aspidistra in a pot in the parlor window, as altogether easier; an abandonment of the outer earth to empty tins, broken bottles, and old boots.

The bus shot on through these, sloughing them off, and came to real gardens; like Early Victorian bouquets, tightly packed with flowers, shedding sweetness upon the night air; open fields with cows — not milk-cans with taps, but real cows — thick hedges and deep clumps of trees, breathing out the warmth of the day before. For it had got to that, 'the day after,' I mean.

On and on and on. The passengers had ceased to fidget, to screw themselves tight up inside, as though they could, in this way, act as an actual brake to the bus, drawing back their chins into their necks, screwing up their eyes, clenching their hands.

One woman inside, she of the black, jet-beaded blouse, who had looked so sharply at the little girl with the dusty boots, stabbing her with a glance whenever she so much as moved her feet, took her on her knee, and pressed her head against her shoulder, so that it no longer jerked from side to side with every movement of the bus.

The woman in the man's cap began to sing: 'I 'ear — thee — spee-eak o' a be-e-e-e-e-e-et-ter land' — sang it through to the end, and started again.

Another woman, who had clasped her purse in her hand throughout the entire journey, darting suspicious eyes at her neighbors, put it in her pocket, and folded her hands in her lap with a sigh of contentment.

The moon rose; it was almost full, a

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clear, pale gold: the air was clear, but the streams wore wisps of white mists completely enwrapping them like night-gowns; the slumbering sheep merged with the grass, white with dew.

The scents came in layers, like a very special cake: elder-blossom, pungent and fierce; lime, maddeningly sweet — that sort of perfume which makes one want something in one's own life to correspond with it; eglantine, clover, meadowsweet. The country was all a sort of smoothed-out up-and-down; villages in the hollows, as though they had dented the field by sitting down there; straggling villages with what is known as 'the middle-aged spread,' motherly as hens.

The conductor sat on the step: his arms were clasped tight round his middle, but that was merely to hold it firm, keep his front from chafing against his back. No tea — no supper — like enough, no breakfast — not that it mattered; nothing mattered, would ever matter again. His heart was down out of his throat a trifle inflated, but not with fear.

'I might get a job in the country — conducting an 'ay-cart or somefing o' that sort,' he thought. 'She always said as 'ow she'd like ter live in the country; and then when we're married —' He sighed, sighed with happiness. More like a small and comparatively innocuous tapeworm than a man, he was yet akin to him of whom it was written:

'This man, inconsiderable, mean, yes, a slave, this man is loved and is lord of another's soul.'

The dust, thick on the roadway, damped down with dew, muffled the sound of the wheels; or perhaps the bus, like its passengers, breathed more quietly in the clear air. Anyhow, its progress was as near silent as it could well be.

A sense of ineffable bliss came over the passengers; they smiled that bland and secret smile which one may see upon the face of a very young infant. As they drew in the scented air, they felt as though they had been spring-cleaned, the accumulated rubbish of years drawn out of them.

They were traversing a road cut through a thick wood, with the trees like dark and friendly battlements high at either side of them, when the bus stopped, and the driver put up one finger.

'Hush!' he said.

It was so quiet, they all heard it, even those inside, while the cessation of movement left them, as it were, hung upon that indolent content which had overcome them; hung like old clothes upon a peg, bearing the semblance of humanity, but emptied of the eternal fidgetiness of humanity, petty ambitions, and appetite.

The people inside got out; the outside passengers clambered down the stairs; their movements were stiff from sitting for so long, but they did not feel it. Physically they moved, but spiritually they were stiller than they had ever been in all their lives before, with a strange, inward stillness. There in the night, the wonderful night — with no squawl of cats or stamp of policemen or shrieking of belated taxis or howling of drunken men — they hung serene and detached, as the clear moon in the clear sky. They were like untouched photographic plates, prepared for any impression. They forgot their clothes — even their boots — Monday's wash and Friday's pay-night, and the man calling for the installment on the sewing-machine, and the twopence a week for the burial club.

To look at them as they stood together in the dust-deep road, they were a deplorable blot upon the face of nature; but they did not feel like that. If it were not an expression which they

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themselves would have used at such times as they were, so to speak, 'lush,' 'fresh,' 'whittled,' 'screwed,' 'sewed up' — I should say that they felt 'lovely': and that indeed is the word — lovely and loving and worthy of love.

'Hush!' said the driver again — he need not have said it, for they were silent, as silent as people with adenoids can be — and took off his cap.

They drew themselves upright, stood as the reverent stand for the Credo, and waited. They could not have said for what, but they knew when it came: something which they had been waiting for their whole lives — not for itself, but for all it meant, stood for, finding its echo in their own souls: the clear, exquisite note of the nightingale, broken and tremulous with its own rapture, the wonder and the joy of love, the gift of the night, with its silence, its moon, its stars.

It was the fat man who drove them back to Barking, having driven a motor-lorry during the war.

'After all, what they're out for is humoring,' he said; thinking, not of the bus, but of his new-made wife, the objections she had raised to his smoking in bed.

The bus-driver returned inside. He had not wanted to come; would much rather have been left where he was, standing with his face, upraised to the moon, irradiated by a crooked smile of complete companionship. But the moon would set and day would come, and somehow or other it did not seem altogether decent to leave him there — sort of undressed, as it were, altogether too far out of his body — a busless bus-driver, deprived of his very reason for being.

But they were kind add gentle to him, as they were kind to each other, to their own families, for a whole day at least.

It was dawn by the time that the fat man and the rightful bus-driver reached the depot with buses ranged in rows — buses like a school of crimson porpoises, ungainly, shining, panting with eagerness to be off. The Inspector, or Director, or Imperator, or Prime Minister, or whatever he might be, received them coldly. 'It was a lovely trip,' said the fat man, a little regretfully; but the great one, standing at a high desk in the small bare room into which he had led the way, running his stubby forefinger over a chart which lay open upon it, remained untouched by any sort of emotion.

'If a thing like that's happened once, it's bound to happen again,' he said, and then: 'From Fenchurch Street by Forty-Three; past the Woodman, the Bald-Faced Stag an' Fortis Green Road ter Colney Hatch. He knows the way.'

The bus-driver's hands were deep in his hip-pockets, his shoulders high, his cap still over his left eye, small and sparkling; it struck the fat man, as he led him outside — for it seemed as though he were in some queer way entirely responsible for him — that he had never, in all his life, seen anyone who looked so entirely happy.

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DÉGRINGOLADE

From the *Outlook*, *July* 15
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

The collapse of Germany, with consequent economic disaster to neighboring nations and financial perturbations that must extend throughout the world, is a subject that only the ironic, acid genius of a Voltaire could characterize as it deserves. The future historian, when he considers the behavior of the Allies since the Armistice, may well write down the post-war policy of the victors as an example of collective folly and poltroonery almost unique in the annals of mankind.

Last October, in a series of leading articles on world finance, we pointed out that 'the thirty-five millions due April 15 may possibly be met (by Germany) out of the mobilization of remaining securities abroad and the sale of paper marks on the exchanges of the world. By the last-named date, less than seven months ahead, the collapse must be near. . . . The crash is coming, its date can be calculated within a few months.' We lay no claim to remarkable prescience. We merely said what every banker, every business man, who looked at the situation without hatred or prejudice, clearly foresaw. And now that these evils are upon us, evils which common sense could have prevented even six months ago, we cannot observe without grim amusement the sweet reasonableness of those whose fanaticism or knavery have poisoned for years the minds of the peoples and stifled efforts to prevent disaster.

The *Times* tells us that it is impossible to refuse Germany a moratorium, and headlines the 'need for prompt action.' The *Times*, which more than any other great organ of opinion has consistently fought against an attempt from whatever quarter to settle the economic affairs of Europe on a workable basis! Not even Bottomley, in cynical effrontery, ever equaled the solemn lecturing of the Paris *Temps*, which now points out to England that the reparations problem is intimately linked up with Inter-Allied debts, and that these questions must be solved together, in a tone implying that it has made a startling discovery. *Le Temps*, which, when we and others said these things a year ago, railed against us as pro-Germans, and broadly hinted that we were probably in the pay of the enemy! The Reparations Commission, too, its policy hitherto dictated by French *revanche*, while the spineless Bradbury piped from time to time at its meetings counsels of reason, and then allowed himself to be suppressed into quiescence — even the Reparations Commission hastens to unlock the stable door after the horse has starved to death inside.

But we admit that at such a crisis no constructive purpose is served merely by exposing the hypocrisy of our journalistic and political masters. Scared at last for their own skins, the *Times* alarmed at the prospect that its long-fought-for policy may result in nobody in England having any work, *Le Temps* realizing that by the time the mark reaches 100,000 to the pound the franc will be 500, these megaphones of past mob-passions are piping softly the tones of reason to-day, and we may admit them into the fold and say no more about their recent conduct.

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There are, indeed, certain hopeful aspects, for the world, in Germany's collapse. France has hitherto been the obstacle to European settlement. Intent upon having her pound of flesh though the heavens fall, she has now learned that she is pulling the firmament down upon herself (and us) without getting anything at all in return. We hear no more to-day of invading the Ruhr, of making the Hun pay, of bailiffs in the house. On the contrary, informal and secret inquiries have already been made as to whether the International bankers will consent to return to Paris and grant the German loan which France flouted a few weeks ago because the financiers told her she must make a paper sacrifice of milliards she can never in any case collect. If France has seen the light, and we believe she has, no obstacle remains to prompt action. Let us clear away the wreckage and set to work to rebuild Europe.

How is the economic reconstruction of the Continent possible? It is, of course, much more difficult than one, two, or three years ago. It will take longer, we shall all suffer more in the process, thanks to French obstinacy and England's weak-kneed compliance with a policy that Mr. Lloyd George and his advisers knew all along to be fantastic and ridiculous. We pioneers may be pardoned if we again smile grimly as we point out to our terrified and bewildered converts a few fundamental facts they may now be in a mood to hear. For what we say now is merely what we have preached, it seemed at first to the desert air, for more weary months than we care to recall.

First, let us remember that economic laws take no account of guilt or innocence. A reparations debt, imposed because devilish fiends in spiked helmets burned a church with all the worshipers inside, and an Inter-Allied debt, incurred to buy shoes and underwear for child victims of Hun brutality, may be poles apart morally, but both of them tend to keep a starving Manchester operative from getting a job.

Europe is an economic whole. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. None of us can be prosperous, and, indeed, the Continent can scarcely survive, if Germany dissolves in chaos. With Russia, Austria, and Poland festering, France and Italy can exist but not flourish. But when Germany goes down, when the keystone of the world east of the Rhine collapses, then the countries that border the Atlantic cannot long keep their feet.

What must be done now is simple. *Cancel world debts*, we begged last year. *Cancel world debts*, we repeat to-day, in the expectation of support from the *Times* and *Le Temps* and M. Poincaré and his 'wild men,' and all the others who clamored against people who were 'kind to the Hun.' It would be better to abandon the German indemnities outright; but for political reasons, and to save their faces, we imagine the politicians will prefer a moratorium. That is another form of cancellation. And, at the same time, the Allies must forgo their own debts to each other. Our own debt to America may remain an apparent, but only an apparent, exception. The political ignorance of the American people, it now seems, makes it difficult for them to understand that to attempt to collect from us will merely damage themselves as well as increase confusion everywhere. Let that debt, then, be funded, and Wall Street, which understands the truth, will see that the money to pay the interest is raised in the United States until the light breaks in the American mind, so we shall not in the end be a penny the worse.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

SEA BURIAL

BY W. R. TITTERTON

[*New Witness*]

HERE, where life began for them,
You will find their grave.
These that knew no measure
Wait the slow tide's pleasure,
Dreaming how it ran for them,
And the big winds drave.

O'er the leaping battlement
Savage lanterns shone.
'Sword shall never falter
While on that high altar
Bides the Devil's sacrament.'
Suddenly 't is gone.

Gone the roaring buccaneer,
Drum and fife atune.
Ne'er, with linstock lighted,
Mariner affrighted
Sees the Devil's luck anear
Black across the moon.

Drowsy drabs and vanities
Hear no more the gun,
Morgan's, Kidd's, or Teach's,
Wake the whitening beaches
Stale with night's profanities
Crawling in the sun.

Fugitive and furious
Where the long day drones
Roared and flamed their glory.
Who 's to tell the story?
Polypi incurious
Drift above their bones.

Isles of lust imperial,
Drunkenness obscene,
Have you aught to tell us?
Nay! for time is jealous,
Obdurate and jealous.
Naught but shards funereal
Blister in the green —

Musket, pike, and bombard, o'er-
Whelmed. Time-tattered spars.
Rotten old rum-puncheons,
Rusting, splintered truncheons —
Here nor crew nor commodore
Vomit to the stars.

Till he leaneth over
With his landing net,
He, that angel dreadful,
They shall rest forgetful,
Drab and bully rover.

Fame's phantasmagorial
Harlot leaves behind
Death — that was her dower,
Night — that reaped the flower.
Earth's complete memorial,
Tongueless, dumb, and blind.

SILENCE

BY R. L. MÉGROZ

[*To-Day*]

URGE me not into speech,
Seeking those hidden things
Which only a dream can reach
Upon dark wings.

When as a leaf-hid bird
Trilling a lonely song
Through shadowy leaves half-heard
As a whispering throng,

In me from leaf-dark deep
Thick-cloaked in dreams Love's voice
Sings from a murmurous sleep
One word — Rejoice.

THE NONCONFORMIST

BY L. A. G. STRONG

[*Chapbook*]

EBENEZER the Nonconformist,
With a wonderful talent for praise,
Goes past the pub to the chapel
Not at all humbly.

He sees himself standing in Heaven,
With a severely plain halo,
Blatantly bellowing praises
Into the ear of the Lord.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE SHELLEY CENTENARY

'I HAVE heard a distinguished living poet declare his opinion that, out of all the human race, only Shelley may be named in the same breath with Christ.' This statement, made by Mr. Edward Shanks in his article on Shelley in the June issue of the London *Mercury*, shows the spirit in which the centenary of that great poet is being observed. Indeed, it is as a prophet, a revolutionist, an idealist, that Shelley is chiefly regarded. Doubtless his exquisite lyrics are so familiar to everyone that praise of them is considered unnecessary. Almost religious homage, together with a few slightly known facts about his life, are the chief contents of all the critical pæanings.

Only in the *Mercure de France* is the unfortunate affair with Harriet Westbrook given a complete airing. M. André Fontainas lays the blame for the unfortunate marriage entirely at the door of Harriet's older sister, who forced the match upon her. 'Was it necessary,' asks M. Fontainas, 'for the older sister of Harriet, Miss Eliza Westbrook, promptly to conceive vast plans and persuade a child of sixteen that Shelley loved her and that she must love him equally in return?' M. Fontainas sympathizes with Shelley's revolutionary ideas as to the drawbacks of the married state, and when the older sister tried to manage Shelley's domestic affairs, his elopement with the woman he really loved appears quite excusable. M. Fontainas sums up his impressions of Shelley as follows: 'A marvelous artist of words, of language, of rhythm, of imagery; an inspired conjuror with the most subtle feelings and their incalculable interweavings; an enchanting master of rare and delicate expression.'

And English praise is as great, if not so lyrical. Matthew Arnold's myth of 'the ineffectual angel' is exploded by all hands. 'The genius of England, caught up into a heaven, where its inmost impulses are liberated and made articulate — that is Shelley,' exclaims C. H. Herford in the July *Poetry Review;* and in the same issue of the magazine Irene G. A. Holloway says, 'In the midst of the great imaginative poets, Shelley stands forth particularly as the poet of the ideal; in that idealism is the very woof of which his poetry is woven.' Mr. Clutton-Brock, in the Literary Supplement of the *Times*, is less fulsome, though no less appreciative. He finds the Shelley type frequent and irritating unless, as in the unique case of Shelley himself, redeemed by poetic genius. He goes on to say, 'We give thanks to him more than to any other poet; for always we long to believe in those Platonic ideas of which the philosophers talk — in a reality of righteousness and truth and beauty. That is the religious desire of mankind, but it is thwarted by those who profess to satisfy it.' But it is the opinion of Mr. Brock that this ideal world, however necessary, is always infinitely remote.

Not so Mr. Gilbert Thomas in the *Bookman;* he proclaims the reality of Shelley's prophecy to a weary world. 'It is of Shelley as a prophet that we most naturally think at this time.' Maintaining that Shelley has not yet received his full meed of recognition for the intellectual and prophetic element in his work, Mr. Thomas continues,

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'The idealist is, in the long run, the only true realist, the only true practical man. The future will justify her prophets. It will crown Shelley with an even brighter crown than he wears today.' However this may be, one thing is at least obvious, that Shelley is one of the most universally loved and admired of poets. His centenary proves, moreover, that his followers are disciples in an almost religious sense, and that there is no sign of a diminishing in their ranks.

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NEW LIGHT ON CLASSICAL ART AND HISTORY

'It is many years since our knowledge of classical art has been so enriched as by the Roman and other Italian finds of the last twelve months,' says Eugénie Strong, Assistant-Director of the British School at Rome, in a recent letter to the *Times*. Calling attention to the recovery, from the basement of the Vatican, of a number of sculptures of the best period of Greek art, she says: 'Though the majority are only fragments, they are all remarkable for the freshness of their surface, and owing to the absence of all restoration are especially valuable to students and archæologists desirous of studying Greek technique.' The finds include the head of a Lapith from a metope of the Parthenon; the best replica so far known of the head of the Phidian Anachreon; the colossal replica of the head of the Hermes propylæum of Alcamenes; and the delicately carved head of Athena from a copy of Myron's Athena and Marsyas. All of these fragments were connected with the Acropolis.

Other finds of interest include a new variant of the Aphrodite of Cnidus by Praxiteles, and a number of Greek and Roman portrait-heads, the types of which are so far unknown. The preservation of these antiques is attributed to the fact that only busts and statues were selected for exhibition, while the examples now discovered were buried for centuries under veritable rubbish-heaps.

In Greece itself, more discoveries of importance have been made. The Athens correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* reports the excavation, near Sunium, of a remarkable example of Attic sculpture of the early part of the fifth century B.C. It is a relief, representing a third and final stage of Attic sculpture, just before it reached its ultimate perfection under Phidias, and can be considered the immediate precursor of the Parthenon frieze.

Dr. Thomas Ashby, Director of the British School at Rome, gave an account, at the Royal Institute of British Architects, of recent excavations in the Italian capital. The *Morning Post* tells of these excavations as follows: —

> One of the most important results that had been obtained from them was the confirmation of certain statements of our ancient authorities in regard to the early history of Rome. Thus they might, the lecturer thought, take the Palatine as the original nucleus of Rome, even though the Wall of Romulus probably never existed. Remains of a cemetery which had begun to be used about 750 B.C. — that was about the date of the traditional founding of Rome — had been found in the Forum, near the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina. To the same period — again that to which tradition ascribed it — belonged the earliest city wall of Rome, and also the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

Dr. Ashby further maintained that the Curia, or Senate House, must have changed its orientation more than once, but that it would be impossible to hope for a solution of further problems in this connection until the excavation could be extended. The *Morning Post* concludes by saying: —

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The exploration, under the direction of Professor Lanciani, of the Baths of Caracalla, had brought to light the largest sanctuary of the Persian Sun-God, Mithras, that was known to us. Many other discoveries of minor interest had also been made.

A LOUVRE HOAX

A PARIS journalist, by way of a joke on the keepers of the Louvre Museum, recently placed a statuette of the mock 'Mayor of Montmartre,' which had just been exhibited in the *Salon des Humoristes*, on a vacant pedestal in one of the rooms dedicated to Roman statuary. The anachronism of a statuette with a top hat and gaiters among the antiques excited neither the suspicion of the attendants nor the curiosity of the visitors. Even the inscription, *Julius Depaquitus, Pro Consul de Mons Martyrum*, attracted no notice until the joker attempted to remove his informal donation. Then there was another story. As soon as the journalist lifted the unauthorized exhibit from its temporary resting-place, he was violently seized by an excited guardian and haled before the Museum authorities. It took more than an hour to persuade the latter that the whole thing was a hoax.

ST. PAUL'S IN DANGER

THE great dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in London is in grave danger. In a letter to the *Times*, on July 3, Canon S. A. Alexander pointed out the critical condition of the structure and appealed to the public for 100,000 pounds to pay for repairs immediately necessary. This request is meeting with prompt response, but the peril has by no means disappeared. The stone supporting the dome is crushed, in some places, to flakes, and the interior of one of the piers supporting the dome is so loose that the rubble can be moved by hand.

Christopher Wren's masterpiece has drawn more tourists and visitors from all parts of the world, in recent years, than ever. During five days, fifteen thousand people passed by the tomb of the late Sir Henry Wilson, although on four days there was a charge for admission to the crypt. If the money now asked for is not raised soon, the Cathedral will have to be closed to the public and may even stand in danger of actual disaster.

MORE ABOUT BERNARD SHAW

SOMEONE is always writing about Bernard Shaw, the one English writer who is an unfailing spring of 'good copy.' This time Mr. John Middleton Murry is the critic who discusses him, and authority is lent to his words by his subject, for he discusses Mr. Shaw himself as a critic. According to Mr. Murry, the irrepressible dramatist is, if not 'better than Shakespeare,' at least the bard's most able critic, and he has other literary qualities of his own. Mr. Murry says: —

> Contrast the destinies of those two related spirits, Samuel Butler and Bernard Shaw. Butler's fame has been almost wholly posthumous, and we attend to him (now that we have begun to attend to him) in all his capacities. He never had a rôle to fill, or rather he disappointed expectation at the first time of asking, and so he was never labeled. Bernard Shaw, on the other hand, has taken good care that he should be attended to since birth, and he has paid for the attention. He is the paradoxical playwright or he is nothing. The rest is the froth we blow off the tankard before taking a pull. Yet in this froth are contained two personalities at least which would in isolation have made the fortune of another man. There is the best living writer of plain English prose, and the most original and profound of literary critics. But there is no room for them on the label, and away, like the froth, they go.

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Perhaps someone will take in hand the task of compiling a book of Bernard Shaw's literary criticism, giving half of it to his statements of general principles, and the other half to his criticism of Shakespeare. It might help to clear the heads of those many people who still imagine that since Matthew Arnold died there has been no criticism in England. Into the first half he shall put this. 'A true original style is never achieved for its own sake. . . . Effectiveness of assertion is the Alpha and Omega of style. He who has nothing to assert has no style and can have none: he who has something to assert will go as far in power of style as its momentousness and his conviction will carry him. Disprove his assertion after it is made, yet its style remains.' That takes its place naturally among the dozen or so statements made about style which quiver in the gold.

The story of Shaw and Shakespeare is almost fantastic. Shaw is the finest critic of Shakespeare we have had since ———? The finest critic of Shakespeare, as you have noticed, has always to be the finest critic of Shakespeare since someone or other. In order not to offend against the tradition, I leave the blank to be filled ad lib., with the suggestion that Shaw is a better critic of Shakespeare than either Goethe or Coleridge, because he is not hypnotized. But there is no room for this on the label. All that it will hold is the legend, 'Better than Shakespeare?' And so Bernard Shaw remains the man who is irreverent to Shakespeare, whereas he should be the man who stands up to Shakespeare.

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CRICKET AND BASEBALL

In a moment of indiscretion, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle remarked to some New York reporters a short time ago that he hoped the time would come when Englishmen would play baseball rather than cricket. There is a fairly large portion of the British public that does not approve of the spiritualistic activities of the physician-novelist, but their indignation is as nothing to the wrath of the average Englishman when he is invited to abandon the national pastime in favor of a game in which one can't stop to drink tea.

The opinion of the *Manchester Guardian* on this momentous question is illuminating: —

What have we done to deserve that so good a cricketer as Sir Conan Doyle should advocate an invasion of our schools by baseball missionaries? American reports credit him with 'expressing the hope that efforts would be made to popularize the game in England, and to this end he suggested that two good teams should tour the English colleges.' This follows hard on the heels of the news that a couple of big professional baseball-clubs propose to visit not only England but the Continent and give exhibition matches. Most week-ends you can see American sides competing in an 'International League' on the Chelsea football-ground.

'After watching them the other day,' writes a cricketer, 'I came away with no fears for our own summer game. There was some excellent throwing and a certain number of reasonably good long-field catches, but what did impress me was the enormous amount of continuous chatter which was kept up by all the players. The man at first base never stopped his stream of vituperation and invective addressed to the batsman and his colleagues waiting to bat. At length, as a counterblast, the stoutest player of the rival side took his stand as near as possible, and proceeded to reflect nasally and graphically upon the methods, ancestry, and looks of the opposing pitcher. This was the duet, while the chorus, by no means occasional, proceeded from most of the other fielders. The slow, continuous motion of gum-chewing jaws was another feature. Still everyone seemed happy, and most ejaculated "Atta boy!" at intervals. But I left wondering why the creator of Sherlock Holmes wanted us to suffer this.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Pages from the Past, by John Ayscough. London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1922. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Saturday Review*]

THOSE who have read the novels of 'John Ayscough' are prepared to find his reminiscences at once scholarly and entertaining. The purport of the desultory papers which Monsignor Bickerstaffe Drew began to contribute to *The Month* about 1918, now reprinted in this interesting volume, is to draw 'a contrast between the world of a sexagenarian's earliest memories and the world he has lived to see.' Monsignor Drew is a close and shrewd observer of social life; his delicate and lambent humor plays delightfully about the various changes that have taken place since Plancus was consul. Nothing could be better of its kind than the chapter, for instance, which he devotes to the changes in household-furnishing which he has lived to see. He was born amid the worst triumphs of the Victorian cabinet-maker and upholsterer: the hideous chiffonier and rosewood armchairs 'to match,' the pier glass which adorned every moral chimney-piece, the floral carpet with its life-size cabbage roses and hollyhocks, matched by a painted floral panel on the front slope of the coal-box, the oval loo-table with its cloth 'flowery and fringey, and frequently chenilley,' supporting a Stonehenge of books, the centrepiece of wax flowers, the 'Parian marble' groups, the ormolu clock, the steel fire-irons, the engravings after Landseer. To-day the self-respecting drawing-room is a museum, or tries to be. Monsignor Drew has a very pleasant semi-satiric passage on the modern craze for adapting old finds to new purposes in domestic economy. The cradle becomes a coal-box, the sedan chair an armchair, the horse-trough a bath, the old leather blackjack a hot-water jug, the barber's lathering-basin a chocolate dish, the ploughshare a fender, and the altar rail a banister. 'Over the chimney in your own bedroom may hang a hatchment: the *resurgam* under it a reminder, perhaps, that you are to come down in the morning without fetching.' Which things are a parable: Monsignor Drew carries the contrast into the deeper interests of life and makes a very fine piece of work of it.

Another agreeable feature of Monsignor Drew's reminiscences is a collection of new and often characteristic anecdotes of famous people. A few may be quoted. The first time Mrs. Drew visited Anthony Trollope's house he popped out from behind the hall door as it opened and squeaked 'Boh!' thinking she was Mrs. Trollope. We do not know if he followed this up with such an apology as a famous Scottish judge made after calling his partner at whist by a very uncomplimentary name: 'Your pardon's begged, mem; I thought ye were my ain wife.' Disraeli, who was a stern foe of autograph-hunters, fell a victim to the youthful collector from whom he received a brief letter of inquiry as to whether he really did recommend Elijah Smart as footman. 'By return of post he cleared himself of the imputation of ever having employed a footman with such a name.'

There are some good specimens of the sardonic wit of Cardinal Manning, who never learned how to suffer fools gladly. A youthful penitent who accused himself in the confessional of not having been 'condescending to his inferiors,' got the prompt response, 'You have n't got any!' When on a public occasion a bishop, magnificent in purple, rushed up to apologize for eclipsing Manning, who had come in an ordinary black coat, the answer was, 'Never mind, my dear Lord; it does not matter. I dare say no one will notice you.' In spite of the Cardinal's sympathy for General Booth, preaching 'faith without fringe,' his warmest expression was, 'I hope, I earnestly hope, he will do more good, far more good, than I think he will.' We like the story of the city magnate who regretted that the regiment of which he was colonel had no depot — 'a depot would give us a *locum tenens* in the county.' And a high place in the ecclesiastical anecdotage should be given to Bishop Graham's remark to a priest who had complained that some of the poor-school children played in church: 'Well, and where should they play, poor little things, if not in their Father's house?'

Some Phases of Human Survival, by Rev. C. Drayton Thomas. London: Collins, 1922. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Times*]

PROFESSOR RICHET, in his recently published *Traité de Métapsychique*, an English translation of which is promised for the autumn, has stated three conclusions that may be regarded as ineluctable: '(1) *Que les faits de la métapsychique sont réels;* (2) *qu'il faut les étudier, sans souci religieux, comme on étudie les autres sciences;* (3) *qu'ils semblent dirigés par des intelligences, humaines ou non humaines, dont nous ne saisissons que fragmentairement les intentions.*' His own method has been essentially scientific. In this, as in other researches conducted on empirical lines, the account of a single experiment, however well substantiated, can never be accepted as proving a case. After two hundred years of experiment, a period

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in which Newton's 'laws' have been tested by every device, and have given results so accurate that they have led to the discovery of a new planet and enabled astronomers to construct with apparent infallibility a complete almanac of planetary 'events' for any number of years ahead, these 'laws' are still no more than a satisfactory working hypothesis. The theory of relativity has thrown the shadow of a doubt upon them. They are not, apparently, absolute. It seems possible that they are not perfectly accurate, and are subsidiary to a larger 'law' that has not yet been formulated. How, then, can we be expected to solve the question of the existence of the spirit by a single demonstration, although it be backed by the finest possible testimony, human and mechanical? As in the case of Newton's 'laws,' we must always remember that there may be some other explanation, at present beyond our understanding. . . .

The facts (in the book of Dr. Thomas) are so difficult to combat that it seems better to assume them. The essential is that Dr. Thomas, communicating with the supposed spirit of his father, through the mediumship of Mrs. Leonard, has received a large number of 'tests' that took the form of foretelling certain names of people and places, with occasional messages, that would appear in a specified position on the front page of the next day's *Times*. In every case, after the truth of these tests began to be established, Dr. Thomas deposited a copy of the communications with the Secretary of the S. P. R., and in some instances a duplicate copy with a friend in addition; so that these copies were in the hands of the recipients before the matter contained could be checked by the issue of the *Times* referred to. In a large number of cases these tests were successful, the average number of successes being very considerably greater than that obtained by experiments conducted to test the possibilities of coincidence. For example, the 'communicator' scored 73 successes out of a possible 104; chance trials, 18 only. In a second series, the 'communicator' scored 51 successes out of 53; chance trials giving no more than 13.

Pan and the Twins, by Eden Phillpotts. London: Grant Richards, 1922. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*English Review*]

GREAT PAN is not dead, far from it. Disguising his horns beneath a skullcap of red, and his hairy thighs in scholarly trousers, he has cloven his syrinx to match his hidden hoofs, and turned its music into a prose which we all adore. From Lutetia his pipings are heard afar, and their pleasing echo is alive in the west countree — a softened echo devoid of the erotic note, for which we are perhaps a trifle too hyperborean, but pulsing the large, deep measure of the pasturer very truly. All this is a tribute to the devotee who tells us gracefully a gracious story of old Rome, where two brothers find each other and learn to live as Christian and Pagan in the strong and sweet humanity of Pan, the immortal philosopher. Mr. Phillpotts has many styles, none more acceptable than this stately manner of fantastic-historic with a deeper undertone of truth beneath its engaging fancies.

Morceaux Choisis — Les Caves du Vatican, by André Gide. Paris: Éditions de la Nouvelle Revue Française, 1922.

[*Revue de Genève*]

ALTHOUGH arising from the best of intentions, the publication of these *Morceaux Choisis* may be regarded as imprudent and premature. Premature because Gide is an author who has not yet said all he has to say; imprudent because twenty different selections can be made from his work. Where other writers are concerned, it is easy enough to pick out typical specimens, the masterly pages that serve to sum up many another; but Gide does not draw that sort of regular curve determined by fixed points; he describes a spiral that is perpetually turning on itself without ever quite turning back. To make fairly representative extracts from him, it would have been necessary to extract all he has ever written, including the articles of which he has repented. Someone may object, however, that this anthology has been selected by Gide himself. What fault is to be found with it, therefore? Our reply is an inquiry whether Gide is the man best qualified to choose among his own works — Gide, to whom the idea of choice has always been repugnant.

BOOKS MENTIONED

HOBHOUSE, M. A. and BROCKWAY, A. FENNER. *English Prisons To-day*. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 25*s.*

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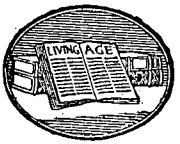

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